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THE VIEW ACROSS LOCH LONG INTO LOCH GOIL
From Whistlefield

THROUGH THE BORDERS TO THE HEART OF SCOTLAND

BY

GORDON HOME

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PREFACE

THIS is a companion volume to *Through Yorkshire*, which I wrote two years ago. I belong to a family which has played a notable part on the Scottish side of the Border ever since the eleventh century, when the house of Gospatric first appears in the pages of history, the chief branch of whose descendants took to themselves the name of Home. This may be sufficient excuse for writing with a certain amount of enthusiasm of the eastern marches of the Border which fill the first portion of this little book. The Border country is undoubtedly far too little known, in spite of its possessing the beautiful scenery of the Tweed and its tributaries, picturesque mountains, moors and dales, and besides these a noble coast-line.

The method adopted in *Through Yorkshire* of indicating in italics the nearest railway station to the places and country described having been found very useful, I have followed the same method here. Inside the cover is placed a map indicating

the routes followed in each chapter. While no attempt has been made to include every interesting corner of Scotland, I have described all the more important places and districts which visitors would wish to see. To do more would be impossible in a book of such modest dimensions.

GORDON HOME.

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THROUGH THE BORDERS TO THE HEART OF SCOTLAND

CHAPTER I

DURHAM TO NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

In coming from the south towards Scotland, one feels that a change has come over the country as soon as Durham is reached. From the moment the Wear has been crossed and the glorious bulk of the vast cathedral has appeared, it is impossible to avoid the impression that one is in a world of great austerity, and correspondingly an atmosphere, breathing a certain grandeur. Northwards to the Tweed and far beyond, one is in an ancient arena which saw very few intervals in the varying forms of warfare and freebooting right down to the sixteenth century. Age after age having seen the clash of arms and bloodshed of every description along the glens and up and down the coast, it was inevitable that architecture, agriculture, and methods of living should bear to-day the impress of this long period of hazardous living.

To survive in the average conditions of Border life it was necessary always to be ready for a surprise attack; to make sure of the security of solidly built walls and strong bolts was essential

Royal Library

to safety, and it was wiser to have one's doors placed above ground-level, making it more difficult for them to be broken through or burnt. The chieftain therefore lived in a massively built castle, the lesser families built their homesteads in the form of fortified towers known as peles, and the serfs had to rely on the protection the castles and these small fortresses afforded them in time of raid and invasion. The towns of the eastern marches of the Borders were few enough and were all defended by walls, the strength of which was frequently tested by every variety of attack. At Berwick-on-Tweed, in 1319, Edward II. brought a wooden "sow" against the walls, which was burnt by the defenders, who flung burning brimstone and other inflammable materials upon it.

Even the union of the thrones of England and Scotland did not at once bring peace to the ancient zone of frontier fighting. It could hardly be expected that the habit of petty warfare could be thrown off by a mere dynastic change which, after all, hardly affected the minor issues which caused the Borderers to arm and sally forth on some bloody expedition inspired by revenge, family feud or desire of gain. Thus it was as near our own times as the eighteenth century that peace finally settled down on the Borderland. To remember this is essential, if one is to understand and appreciate the atmosphere of this corner of England and the southern confines of Scotland.

Durham. The fortress-like mass of the cathedral and monastery, the episcopal palace and the castle

standing on the tabular peninsula of rock produced by the windings of the River Wear, gives at once the semi-military character to Durham so unlike the other cathedrals of England. To exist in the face of the eruptive Scots it was necessary to build for defence rather than structural beauty, and the first Norman buildings, erected in the eleventh century, were of such enormous solidity that the apses at the east end of the cathedral had walls of six or seven feet in thickness. The rebuilding of the central tower has modified the austerity of the great pile, but the lines of this magnificent Perpendicular addition to the Norman work are so solemn and majestic that the character is on the whole little altered.

Before the tenth century history finds no mention of Durham, and it is fairly clear that its foundation took place about the year 997, when the easily-defended site was chosen by Bishop Ealdhune (or Aldhun) as a secure spot in which to commence a new monastery. Like many such beginnings, when men of singleness of purpose began a centre of religious life in a country where there was little safety or peace outside a strongly-entrenched fort, assistance was not long in coming to the small fraternity of monks, whose first roughly constructed wooden chapel was within a very short time replaced by one of stone. This was, no doubt, something so simple in form and plan, probably a small oblong with an apsidal addition at the east end, that the aspirations of the good bishop and his brethren to build something more worthy of their great mission became

an overmastering objective. Thus by the last year of the century there had arisen what became known as "The White Church," doubtless a structure of much greater pretensions than the first, although still simple enough in questions of detail and ornament. Here, at last at rest, was placed the coffin containing the remains of St. Cuthbert, which, since the hurried departure from Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, in 875, when the Danes made security of life there impossible, had been carried from place to place in order to escape the fierce Northmen. When the coffin was exhumed, what remained of the robes of St. Cuthbert were taken out, together with various relics. These are now preserved in the cathedral library, and may be seen without special permission on certain days of the week.

When England was conquered by William, the Saxon monastery of Dunholm, as it was then called, saw troublous times. Egelwin, the last Saxon bishop, having been unwise enough to take part in the rebellion of Eadwin and Morcar, finished his days in prison, Walcher, a Norman, being appointed by the Conqueror to fill his place.

On the basis that Durham should defend the northern frontier of the kingdom, the bishops, as counts palatine, were given almost sovereign rights, making their own laws and having their own courts of justice. The church, as a consequence, was exceedingly martial in character, and eventually the monastery came to be regarded as "half Church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot."

The possession by the bishop of powers of life

and death caused the people of the diocese, which was identical with the county, to have no appeal to higher authority, and it was therefore unwise to use the powers delegated by the Crown too severely.

Unfortunately, Walcher, the new bishop, although himself of a mild type, was cursed with a chaplain named Leobwin, and a certain relative of his own called Gilbert, who shared the conduct of the abbey's affairs, and appear by their harshness to have quickly earned the hatred of the people. When Lyulph, a noble, remonstrated with the two officials, he was assassinated. This savage action brought the feeling of the populace to boiling-point. Walcher declared his ignorance of the deed, but at a meeting called by him at Gateshead, he soon found himself faced by an angry tumult. Cries of "Good rede, short rede, slay ye the bishop," were raised, and the unfortunate prelate was given the choice of being burnt in the church, if he would not go out to face the people. Choosing the bolder course, he went to the church door, where he was at once seized and slain, his body being horribly treated by the crowd.

The successor of the unfortunate Walcher was William of St. Carilph who, with his successor, Ranulf Flambard, may be termed the builders of the existing cathedral. The reconstruction in the Norman style quite obliterated the Saxon building. The greatest part of the structure to be seen to-day—nave, transept, western towers, and the western part of the choir, are all of the ponderous

DURHAM FROM THE NORTH-WEST

Romanesque style commonly called Norman in this country. A remarkable feature of the otherwise plain round pillars is the grooving in various forms—chevron, spiral and lozenge—which has been cut on their surfaces.

Bishop Hugh de Pudsey added at the west end, in the very late Norman style, the Galilee Chapel, whose four arcades are supported on slender clustered pillars carrying arches so encrusted with deeply cut chevron ornament that the effect is almost Saracenic.

When the mediæval architects had shaken themselves free from the restrictions of the semicircular arch, and had allowed their inventiveness the use of floral ornament, there was another great addition to the original scheme of the cathedral. This was devised by Bishop Poore, who came from Sarum, where his name will always be associated with that vast achievement the building of Salisbury Cathedral, entirely a work of the Early English period. Full of the glorious possibilities of the Gothic style, it would have been impossible for Poore to rest content with a great church without it. His scheme was to pull down the apses at the east, and to construct in their place a new transept which would contain nine bays, each possessing an altar. The work was not put in hand until after his death. No further great changes took place until the middle of the fifteenth century, when the central tower was rebuilt in the Perpendicular style. It is one of the most noble and entirely satisfying towers in the world. The history of the fabric of the cathedral

ends here, save for attempts to wreck the beauty of the structure made by that monster of destructive activity—Wyatt. He began at the east end by tearing out all the original stained glass and the destruction of the eastern rose window. His projected removal of the Galilee Chapel in order to build a carriage-drive to the castle was in process of being carried out, and it is entirely due to Dean Cornwallis that this notable feature was saved. Wyatt did succeed in having the more important half of the Norman chapter-house demolished. Fortunately this loss is to some extent made good by a reconstruction from drawings of the original made shortly before the arrival of Wyatt.

The monastic buildings are almost complete, the Deanery occupying the former Priory, and the cathedral library being housed in the monks' dormitory.

From whatever position one views the great mass of buildings on the cliffs of Durham, the impression left on the mind is one of almost overwhelming solemnity and a stern acceptance of the gospel of might being right. To stand in the way of the will of a prince-bishop of the county palatine was to expose oneself to a blow from an iron-studded mace, and if the use of the weapon has now been abandoned for a considerable time, one only has to gaze upon the great buildings to be reminded of the stunning blows it could wield when in the hands of such doughty churchmen as Ranulf Flambard.

Durham's chimneys like to cast a veil of mist over certain views of the place, but this very often

adds much picturesqueness to the scene, throwing out into a delicate silhouette both cathedral and castle. The view-point which shows the towers reproduced in the river beneath tree-grown steeps is too beautiful to be missed, however familiar it may have become through photographs and pictures.

In leaving Durham for the north one cannot forget how hallowed has become the soil of the peninsula of Dunholm. Within the walls of the cathedral there lie buried the ashes of four of the most remarkable men of the early Christian Church in Britain. They were, unlike the early type of prince-bishop, men of almost saintly lives. The first is St. Aidan, the kindly apostle of Northumbria; the second, his royal supporter and friend, St. Oswald; the third, the venerated St. Cuthbert of Lindisfarne and Melrose; and finally, Bede, whose pious life is well known, and whose achievements in the realm of literature establish him not only as the greatest man of letters in the Dark Ages, but as almost without an equal until the Renaissance.

Gateshead is the great southern extension of Newcastle-on-Tyne, which derives its name from the fact that here terminated the Roman road from the south near the station on the wall, called Pons Aelii. There had, as the name implies, been a Roman bridge across the Tyne at this point, and when, in the course of the invasions of the English, it was destroyed, the road or " gate " came to an end at this spot.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, like Durham, had to wall

itself in against the Scots and indeed began its existence as a castle early in Norman times, when William the Conqueror's eldest son, Robert Curthose, built a fortress here. Notwithstanding the destructive elements of railway and manufacturing energy, there remain to-day the keep and other portions of the mediæval castle. The lower part of the Black Gate belongs to the thirteenth century, and has a storey of much later construction above. The keep was built by Henry II. in the last quarter of the twelfth century. It contains the very important collection of Roman objects belonging to the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries. The altars and inscribed stones come from many of the stations along Hadrian's wall, and from the many facts which they have revealed, much of the growing knowledge of the happenings along this frontier has been obtained. Large numbers of mediæval and later objects of fascinating interest are housed in the castle.

What was the spacious parish church of St. Nicholas is now the cathedral of Newcastle. It is chiefly notable for the remarkable crown form of spire, of which a later example is found on the tower of St. Giles's, Edinburgh. The period of the building is late Perpendicular.

Jarrow. A few miles down the Tyne from Newcastle there is still to be seen a notable survival of the Dark Ages. It is nothing less than the church, built in the seventh century by Benedict Biscop, now forming the chancel of the parish church. The Venerable Bede, who was born in 673, was sent, at the age of seven, to the new monas-

tery at Jarrow, so that these ancient walls may have echoed to the voice of the author of the *Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation.*

Monkwearmouth is in Durham and only a few miles south of Jarrow where, as its name proclaims, the Wear enters the sea. The church there is coeval with the early portion of Jarrow, and was also built by Benedict Biscop. The lower half of the tower at the west end and a good deal of the original nave belong to this fascinating period of English history, all the more interesting on account of the extremely few buildings which have come down from that time, when the English nation was forming itself upon the ruins of the great Romano-British province of the shattered empire.

Tynemouth, besides being a watering-place of considerable popularity, possesses the picturesque ruins of its famous priory established there as far back as the days of Eadwin, the first Christian king of Northumbria. It became the burial-place in the seventh century of St. Oswyn, King of Deira, Osric of Northumberland and, in 1094, when Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, and his son Edward fell at the siege of Alnwick, both were interred here.

The chief remains of the priory consist of the eastern and southern walls of the choir of the church. They are of red sandstone and their beautiful series of lancet windows proclaim the period of building as Early English. The vaulted oratory of St. Mary, also at the east end of the church, is a most interesting survival, which was at one time used as a powder-magazine.

The slight remains of the castle of Tynemouth have been built into the modern barracks.

Cullercoats is one of the quaint fishing havens of the Northumbrian coast, where the brightly-painted and quaintly-named cobles give that picturesque quality to the place which, like Runswick Bay in Yorkshire, makes a very strong appeal to artists in search of fishing life.

Whitley Bay with its broad stretch of firm sand has become a favourite resort during the summer, and with the very picturesque sandstone cliffs to the south, golf links and so many places of historic interest within easy reach, its attractions are easily understood. From Whitley Bay it is very easy to reach the Roman wall and the many notable places in the Tyne valley.

CHAPTER II

THE TYNE AND THE ROMAN WALL

If George III. laboured under the impression that Yorkshire was mainly given up to coal mines, there are others living to-day who think that the Tyne is devoted to shipbuilding and coal, with, perhaps, the idea that what is left of the country is occupied by lead mines. If all one knows of the famous river be restricted to the views obtained from either side of the train as it crosses the high level bridge of Newcastle, this misconception is not surprising. That only a very short distance above the busy black city the river flows between green banks with pleasant open country sweeping away to moorland horizons, is a fact which ought to be known, for it is no doubt ignorance of the very circumscribed area occupied by the smoky city which prevents many people from knowing what is historically the most important part of Northumberland.

Following fairly closely the course of the Tyne from the backbone of the Pennine Chain to within a few miles of the sea is what fifteen centuries of neglect and destruction have left of the Roman wall, built to protect the northern frontier of Romanised Britain. It was begun as a chain of

forts or block-houses, afterwards enlarged and joined together with a stone wall some twenty feet in height. The work as a whole was started in 120–1, when the Emperor Hadrian had to send a fresh legion to Britain to replace the IX., which had been wiped out by the Brigantes—the war-like British group of tribes which occupied Yorkshire and the country as far as the Tyne. Along the seventy odd miles of the isthmus between the Solway and the eastern extremity at Wallsend ran the great barrier studded at every mile with a fort and with turrets to shelter sentries in between. There were, besides, fifteen large permanent camps or depôts for the troops forming the garrison, where life would not be entirely composed of dull military duties. There is some evidence in one of these stations of there having been a small amphitheatre, and if amusement ran to the length of such a permanent feature, it may be taken that most of the minor forms of relaxation were enjoyed.

In spite of the strength of the wall and the size of the garrison, it was found to be an exceedingly difficult matter to defend it against a really determined attack by the Caledonians, or, to give them their later name, the Picts. Archæological research is beginning to reveal the fact that on three or four occasions the line of the wall was broken, as is shown by successive reconstructions of the mile-castles and turrets.

The Vallum, an entrenchment running immediately to the south of the wall, sometimes actually touching it, and at others a considerable distance

away, has given rise to much theorising as to its purpose. It was found that this ditch with its adjoining mounds could not possibly have been built for defensive purposes, and as the result of a series of very careful excavations carried out by Mr. F. G. Simpson and others, it is now clearly proved to have been dug as a boundary mark before the wall was built. Where others might have been content with a line of posts, the Romans cut this notch right across the isthmus. From some aspects this Vallum is more impressive of the almost titanic methods of the Romans in carrying out a task than the wall itself.

The distance to the wall is short from the stations on the line running up the valley to Hexham.

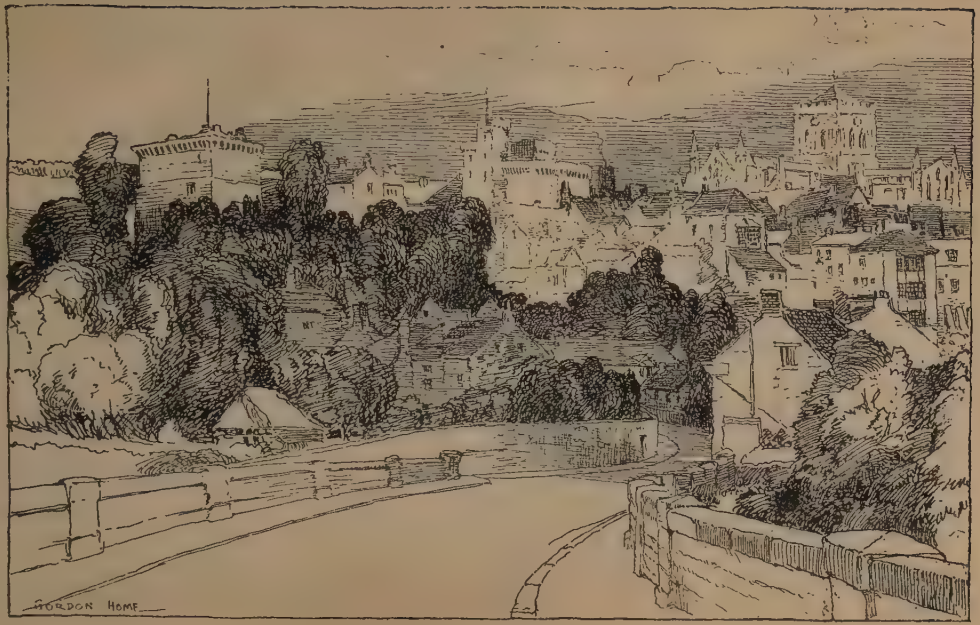
Wylam possesses the cottage in which was born, in 1781, George Stephenson, the pioneer of railway building. The cottage is called "High Street House," and appears to be in much the same state as it was in Stephenson's days. The experiments in using a locomotive on the wagon-way which ran past the cottage were carried out by the owner of Wylam Colliery, and the "viewer," a man named William Hedley. The latter's experiments were so successful that his name deserves to be placed on record beside that of Stephenson, and his famous "Puffing Billy" has an honoured place in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Prudhoe is pleasantly situated outside the limits of industrialism. It possesses a castle of some importance placed on a naturally strong site, with a drop of about sixty feet on the river-front. The keep, the lower portions of the gate-house, and other

features go back to Norman times. The chapel is Early English and is remarkable for possessing what has been claimed as the earliest example of an oriel window in the whole country. The date is given as 1300.

No doubt the site of Prudhoe appealed very strongly to the Norman castle-builder, for it was selected by one of the Conqueror's swarm of followers, who was the founder on the Tyne of the great feudal family of the Umfravilles. With one short interval they held the stronghold and its lands until the death of Gilbert de Umfraville, who died in 1381. His widow, by marriage with Henry de Percy of Alnwick, brought Prudhoe to that famous Border family, and it has remained with it more or less continuously ever since.

Ovingham. Before crossing the river from Prudhoe, there is a cottage about a mile to the west which ought not to be overlooked. It is called "Cherryburn House," and was the birthplace and early home of the brothers Thomas and John Bewick, the eighteenth-century wood-engravers, whose work is known to all art-lovers. Memorials to both the brothers are to be seen in Ovingham Church. John died in 1795, when he was only thirty-five years of age, while his more famous brother outlived him by thirty years, dying in 1828. The rustic surroundings of the cottage were obviously the inspiration of the subjects which the brothers loved to depict. The church of Ovingham is notable for its very early type of tower, possessing all the characteristics of pre-Conquest work and, as is usual in the neighbour-



HEXHAM FROM THE BRIDGE

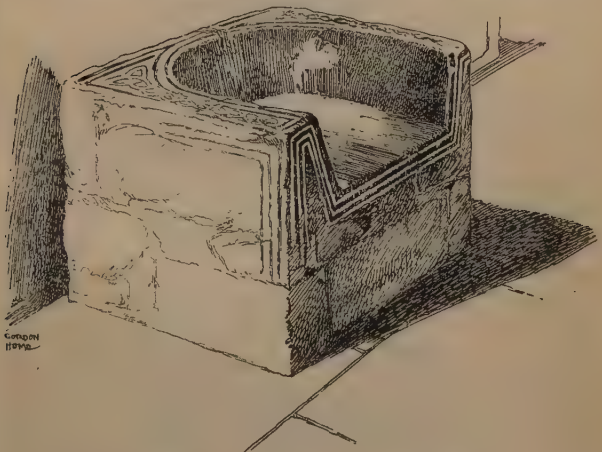
The Abbey Church on the right, and the Moot Hall in the centre

hood, a good many stones taken from the Roman wall about a couple of miles to the north. A by-lane leads fairly directly to the wall, if one wishes to explore its course from this point. If this plan be followed, there is every reason for deserting the wall at Halton Shields, about three miles to the west, in order that the important Roman frontier-depôt of Corstopitum may be seen.

On the way down to the river one passes Aydon Castle, a very interesting and picturesque example of the Border pele, or fortified tower. It goes back to the thirteenth century, and retains a fire-place of that early date.

Corbridge is a pleasantly situated village and, like some of the neighbouring places, has a church-tower of very early period, the lower stage of which may belong to a date as early as the seventh century. There was certainly a monastery at Corbridge in 786, when a bishop of Lichfield was consecrated here, and from the appearance of the arch opening from the tower into the church it would appear to be constructed of Roman stones re-used. There is scarcely any reason to doubt that a Roman structure in ruins, having a ready-made stone arch, was transferred to the new building. Roman sculptured stones were so common at Corbridge that an altar was utilised as the base of the old market cross. It was taken down several years ago, and the much weathered stone is now in the museum at Newcastle. A very well pre-served and most interesting example of one of the mediæval pele-towers erected for defence in a sudden emergency is to be seen on the south side

of the churchyard. It is of three storeys and is typical of all those one meets in Northumbria. The ground floor has massive walls and a barrel-vaulted roof, and the chief room is on the first floor, usually approached by a ladder, which could be quickly drawn up in an emergency. Since the systematic excavation of the site of the Roman



ST. WILFRID'S STOOL IN HEXHAM ABBEY

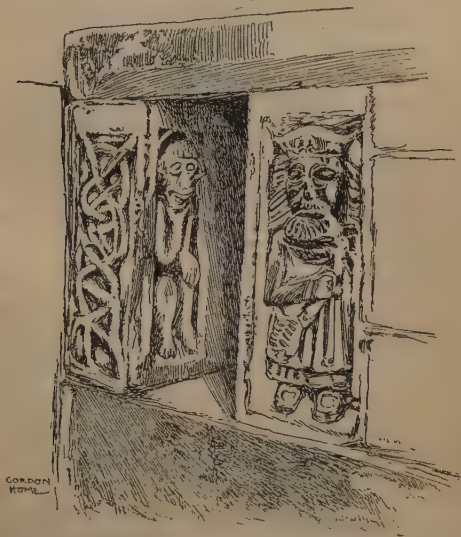
station was undertaken in 1907 and subsequent years, a great deal of information concerning Corstopitum has been obtained. The foundations of admirably-built stone granaries were found, also an elaborate fountain, abutments of the bridge, a large open courtyard or forum, a building which Professor Haverfield thought might be the principia, a small temple or schola, and several blocks of houses separated by streets.

Hexham is a most picturesque and attractive little town, possessing impressive-looking stone buildings, which at once tell the visitor that this is a place with roots delving deep in the stratification of our island history.

It was in the seventh century (about 674) that Wilfrid built the first church here and of it, besides portions of the nave, there is a notable crypt of the same type as that still existing at Ripon. From 681 until 821 this remarkable church was the cathedral of one of the bishoprics into which Northumbria was divided. Later it became an Augustinian priory. The eastern parts of the existing building date from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and show the transition from the Norman to Early English styles. In the south transept is preserved a very remarkable feature—the night staircase by which the canons entered the church from their dormitory. Among the objects of particular interest in the building, including the rebuilt nave, are the Saxon stone chair, or frith-stool, dating back to the days of St. Wilfrid, and what remains of Prior Leshman's Chapel. Among the Roman sculptured stones there is a very remarkable one to a standard-bearer of a cavalry troop. An inscription to Septimius Severus and his two sons, from which that of Geta has been erased, is in one of the passages of the crypt.

Beside the Priory Church, Hexham has two conspicuous mediæval buildings. Both might be called towers, but the gaol, which was built in 1330, is an imposing oblong structure with the

corbels of its machicolation projecting from the top of its walls, which are composed to a great extent of stones taken from Roman buildings along the line of Hadrian's Wall. The other building is the picturesque Moot Hall, of uncertain date, but possibly as old as the gaol.



CURIOUS SCULPTURES ON THE ALTAR IN PRIOR LESHMAN'S CHAPEL IN HEXHAM ABBEY

Chollerford. Following the course of the North Tyne through country which tends to become less agricultural, one comes to the point where the Roman wall crossed the river, now marked by the village of Chollerford. The eastern abutment of the Roman bridge is still to be seen, a most impressive monument of sound building. Near by

9374

is the important station of Cilurnum. It has been very carefully excavated and its internal arrangements can be studied with the help of a plan. The evidence which has come to light shows that this station was destroyed, very probably in the fifth century, when the whole Roman defensive system broke up. For nearly 300 years the garrison was the 2nd Asturian cavalry regiment, and the foundations include those of the colonel's house, a subterranean strong-room, barracks and stables. Chollerton, a small and pleasingly situated village, a short distance to the north, is notable in its possession of a church whose arcade between nave and aisle has Roman monolithic columns carrying the arches.

For many miles to the west of Chollerford and Chesters (the modern name of Cilurnum) the wall is visible to the eye even at a distance running up and down hill, and following wherever possible the natural escarpment of basalt, or whinstone, which added enormously to the strength of certain sectors of the great structure. Where there is no cliff, indications of the ditch are easy to find.

Bardon Mill. About four miles west of Chollerford are the remains of the fort of Procolitia, and a similar distance further on are the fully excavated remains of Borcovicus. An important feature, telling very plainly the difficulty of maintaining the garrisons in the latter days of the wall, is the partial building up of the gates. One of the most picturesque portions is west of Borcovicus, where the wall crowns the cliffs above a small

ON THE ROMAN WALL

lake, and near by are the remains of one of the mile-castles. The wall is here about eight feet high, and the thickness throughout is almost the same. After dropping steeply to the Haltwhistle Burn and climbing again, the fort of Aesica is reached, where again one can see built-up gateways, and on the south side an entrance entirely closed.

The breezy moorland character of this part of Northumberland gives a sense of space and expansiveness quite in keeping with the greatness of the whole conception of the wall, and those who have not yet given themselves the satisfaction of exploring this region, can scarcely understand how alluring is the atmosphere of a mighty past which is to be found there.

CHAPTER III

THE ENGLISH BORDERS AND THE NORTHUMBERLAND COAST

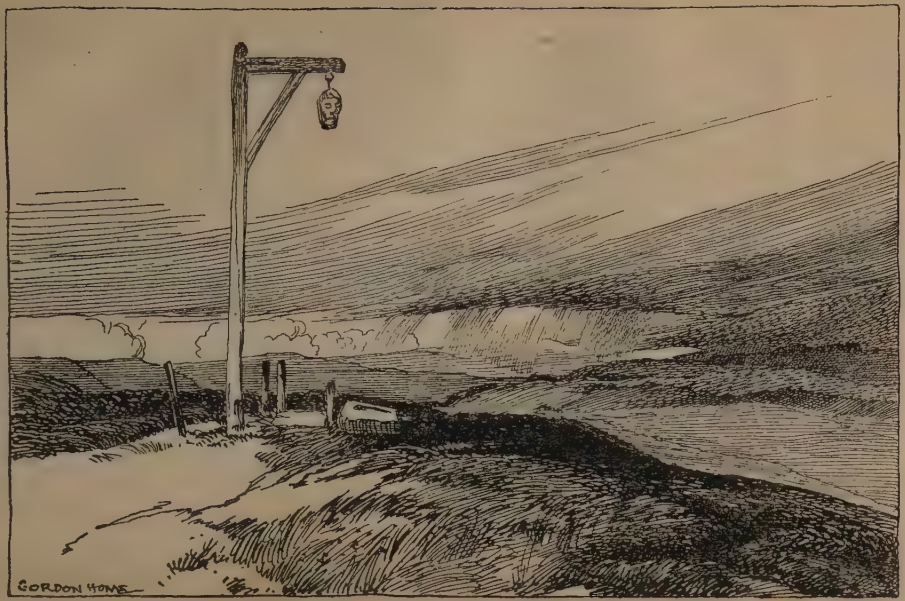
Morpeth. Like all the towns near the frontier of England, Morpeth was walled; it also had a castle on the southern bank of the River Wansbeck. The town defences have quite disappeared and the stronghold is represented by little besides a gateway tower of the fourteenth century. Remains of the massive curtain walls can still be seen, and Turner found enough to form the subject of a picture viewed from the bridge. The founder of Morpeth Castle was a Norman named William de Merlay, who received the site in return for his aid in crushing the Northumbrian rebellion against the Conqueror.

In the Parliamentary War, although the castle was reported as being "a ruinous hole," it was garrisoned by 500 Scots left there by General Leslie. They were besieged by a Royalist force of 2700 men under Montrose, and in spite of the decayed state of the defences resisted for twenty days.

About a mile and a half up the valley is the little village of Mitford, where the ruins of the castle of the Mitfords still crown a slight eminence by the river. It was important enough to figure fairly frequently in Border warfare until 1318, when the Scots captured it and reduced it to a ruin.

The Mitford family, besides producing a statesman of the type of the first Lord Redesdale, and the well-known writer on English village life—Mary Russell Mitford—also includes the eccentric Jack Mitford who, from having been an officer in the Royal Navy under Hood, descended to the greatest depths of vagabondage. He was generally regarded as insane, and for that reason was discharged from the Navy. Refusing all financial assistance, he provided for himself by his pen, writing poems for a publisher who found that he could only be kept at his task by being paid a very small sum daily. Mitford therefore had to be content with a shilling a day, with which he provided himself with twopennyworth of bread and cheese and an onion, the balance of his shilling being expended on gin. Lodgings he found in a disused gravel-pit in Battersea Fields, where he wrote and slept between the intervals when it was necessary to repair to the publisher with his verses to be exchanged for the daily allowance.

Bellingham is a small market town on the North Tyne, surrounded by great stretches of moorland which lose themselves in the fells and crags of the Cheviot Hills. The church has a feature rare in this country, although common enough in the Channel Islands—a massive stone roof, supported by ribs placed about three feet apart. Frequent raids and burnings made a roof of such a permanent character worth the trouble and expense it entailed. In the year 1607, according to documents preserved at Durham, this church was in a sad state. Bible, prayer-book



A GIBBET ON THE NORTHUMBRIAN MOORS NEAR OTTERBURN

and psalters were missing; the font was broken; the clerk could not read or write; and finally the communion was administered only as an isolated annual event.

Woodburn. About half a mile from Woodburn station is the camp of Habitancum, the first Roman station on the road to Caledonia after leaving the wall.

On a lonely, wind-swept spot by the road to Otterburn there stands a much weathered gibbet, from which is suspended a block of wood roughly carved into the form of a human head, a picturesque reminder of the days when robbers were given severe treatment if they had the ill-luck to be caught.

About five miles from Woodburn, at the entrance to the wild valley of Redesdale, at one time the haunt of a peculiarly tough and warlike community of Borderers, is the village of Otterburn, famous in history and in legend as the field of the Battle of Chevy Chase.

It was fought by the light of an August moon in the year 1388 between two small armies, one of Scots under James Earl of Douglas, the second of English Borderers, led by Sir Henry Percy, "Hotspur," the son and heir of the Earl of Northumberland. After a most fierce hand-to-hand struggle, the English were beaten, and Percy was taken prisoner. Douglas in a great effort to turn the tide of battle in his favour plunged too deeply into the mêlée and was slain. There are two famous ballads on the subject, both quite legendary, but redolent of the ancient Border spirit, in times

when it was a rare occurrence for a house to be left unburnt for " this year or more."

> This deed was done at the Otterbourne
> About the breaking of the day;
> Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
> And the Percy led captive away.
> (*From the Scottish Ballad.*)

This region is full of warlike memories, for some five miles up Redesdale is the Roman station of Bremenium (High Rochester), which for a century or more was the final outpost of the Empire. Readers of Mr. Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill* will recall the account of this country given by Parnesius when he and Pertinax explored the country north of the wall with old Allo.

A few miles east of Otterburn is Elsdon, a lonely moorland village, remarkable for its two mounds of glacial drift, which at some time were used as a stronghold or meeting-place by the local tribesmen. Evidences of Roman influences have also been found in the form of a tablet dedicated to Antoninus Cæsar, " born for the welfare of mankind." The reference must be to Antoninus Pius, or Marcus Aurelius, unless a perverted spirit of adulation inspired the inscription to the cowardly Commodus or the savage Caracallus.

The church is an interesting fourteenth-century structure, occupying the site of a Norman building, of which some portions still remain. In it are a few Roman objects and an inscribed tablet from Bremenium. In the churchyard were discovered in 1810 and 1877 masses of human skeletons packed together and giving evidence of having been

interred at one time. It is thought—and with good reason—that these are the remains of those who fell at the bloody little battle of Otterburn, and which, according to the ballad, were borne to their burial-place "on beeres of byrch and haysell graye."

The parsonage is a typical Border pele transformed into a private residence. On one of the battlements appear the arms of the Norman family of Umfraville, already mentioned in connection with the castle of Prudhoe.

Rothbury is famous as a fishing centre, the Coquet on which it stands being renowned as one of the finest trout streams in the county. It is in the heart of moorland scenery where one can watch the play of sunlight and shadow as the cumulus clouds float across the heavens, giving kaleidoscopic changes of colour to the heather and bent-clad slopes.

The font in the church is remarkable, for the pedestal was originally part of the shaft of a pre-Norman cross. It is richly sculptured with subjects, apparently associated with the Creation of Man. Nothing is left of Rothbury's castle, but before leaving the place it is worth while to see the ruins of the "Three Half Moons," an inn associated with the Earl of Derwentwater's rising in 1715 in aid of "James III."

Warkworth. The castle at the mouth of the Coquet, about four miles south of Alnmouth, is one of the most interesting ruins in the north of England. It is mentioned by Shakespeare in *Henry IV.*, and has belonged to the Percies since 1332.

WARKWORTH CASTLE
From the banks of the River Coquet

As a whole, the ruins date from the end of the twelfth century, with the main gate two centuries later—a beautiful and stately ruin. The grand feature of the castle is, however, the splendid fourteenth-century donjon, a most remarkable structure of the palace-fortress type and of unique plan, having short wings or annexes thrown out from a square nucleus.

Shortly before his capture near Alnwick (see p. 35), William the Lion burnt the castle and town of Warkworth, massacring the inhabitants who had sought refuge in the church. It was at Warkworth, in October 1715, that "James III." was proclaimed by Mr. Forster and his little army of Jacobites.

The scenery of the Coquet valley is delicious, and the sylvan walk to the Hermitage cut out of the sandstone cliffs is one of the most pleasing in the whole county. Under the shade of a beautiful growth of trees, the path leads to the curious little chambers hewn out of the rock by a fourteenth-century hermit.

Alnmouth, at the mouth of the Aln, is a small modern seaside resort with golf links and an open sandy shore.

Alnwick grew into a town under the protection of its huge feudal castle—one of the largest and most important in England, the interior of which underwent drastic modernisation in the ten years succeeding 1854. It was Algernon, the fourth Duke of Northumberland, who plunged into the costly and misguided effort of transforming his historic mediæval home into an Italian palazzo.

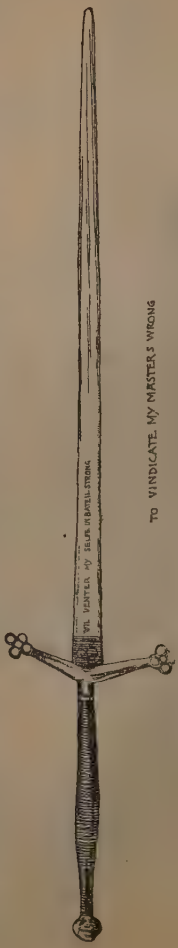
THE NORMAN ARCHWAY IN THE COURTYARD OF THE KEEP OF ALNWICK CASTLE

On the left is the well

Fortunately, the exterior preserves to a great extent the feeling of the Middle Ages.

The outer walls were probably built about 1150–5 by Eustace FitzJohn: they were repaired and the towers added in 1309, when danger from the Scots under Robert Bruce was to be expected. The outer ward is entered by a fine fourteenth-century gateway which retains its barbican. The keep, illustrated here, has been much restored—the last time in 1854—but still retains its fourteenth-century gatehouse in which is included the Norman entrance arch. The well and dungeon also date from Norman times. Besides a famous picture gallery, the castle possesses a museum containing many objects of great interest from Roman times onward.

In 1093 the Scottish King Malcolm Canmore laid siege to Alnwick, which was successfully defended by Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland. The King and his son, Prince Edward, were both slain and their bodies conveyed to Tynemouth Priory for burial. David I. captured



TWO-HANDED SWORD IN THE MUSEUM OF ALNWICK CASTLE

the town in 1138, but in 1174 the Scots were again worsted. On this occasion William the Lion, who was supporting Henry II.'s sons against their father, invaded England and laid siege to Alnwick. Not only did William fail to take the great fortress, but he was made prisoner owing to his foolhardiness. He was on his way back to Scotland, leaving his army in the control of his lieutenants, and was amusing himself in tilting with some sixty or seventy of his knights in a field near Alnwick, when a body of English cavalry appeared suddenly under cover of a mist. Believing that they were only a scouting party, William dashed at them and was surrounded and captured with his companions. He only regained his liberty by recognising the King of England as his liege lord, and thus Scotland was placed in servitude for fifteen years.

There remains to-day one of the fifteenth-century gateways of the town known as Hotspur's Tower. It is a most picturesque survival of the mediæval town. Another relic of a later period is the stone in which the bull-ring was fixed, still preserved in the Market Place.

Three miles from Alnwick, reached by a beautiful walk through Hulne Park, are the remains of Hulne Priory dating from 1240 and probably the earliest Carmelite foundation in England. The ruins are said to be the most perfect of their kind surviving.

Ilderton. Four miles from this station is the fourteenth-century castle of Chillingham, a most picturesque building much altered in the Renais-

sance period, when, from Inigo Jones's designs, the central portion was reconstructed. The tilting-ground has been converted into a formal garden, and the structure as a whole has lost its original feudal character. In a county which possesses so much in the way of castles Chillingham gains its chief distinction from the possession, in its very extensive park, of a famous herd of wild cattle which the successive Earls of Tankerville have taken great trouble to preserve. The herds are considered to be of the original type of wild ox, *Bos primigenius*, which was common in Europe in prehistoric times. The animals are creamy white with black muzzles, and the interior and about a third of the outside of the ears are red. The horns which are bent upwards are white with black tips. Landseer and Bewick both had somewhat narrow escapes from attack by the animals when they were making sketches.

Wooler is a very pleasantly situated village on the edge of the moorlands at the foot of the Cheviot Hills, and the scenery on all sides is most attractive. For walking excursions among the mountains this is an admirable centre, and the railway makes the interesting places on the coast very accessible.

It was at Wooler that the English army, under the old Earl of Surrey, took up its quarters when James IV. was awaiting attack on the slopes of Flodden.

Mindrum is the nearest station to Flodden Field—more properly Branxton Field—the scene of the defeat and death of James IV. of Scotland, on September 9, 1513. The battle was preceded by

several days of manœuvring, in which the English army, stationed at Wooler, gradually worked round to the east and then to the north, thus cutting the Scots' communications. The English turning movement was completed on the morning of September 9, when they crossed Twisell Bridge without opposition, right in the rear of the Scots. They then moved forward over open rolling country to Branxton Church, and the Scots thus cut off from their country clumsily faced about to the rear. The battle was a most murderous one, both sides fighting with great determination. The Scots' army was much the stronger—about 40,000 men to 25,000 English, but the latter was the more efficient fighting machine, and only a small proportion of the Scots wore armour. The fiercest of the fighting took place on the line of a little brook, which has now disappeared. Its source is at the water-tanks on the slope of Branxton Hill. King James, twelve earls, fifteen lords and heads of clans, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, two bishops, two abbots, and the French Ambassador, de la Motte, lay dead on the hillside when all was over. The man who wrought their destruction was Thomas Howard, second Duke of Norfolk, Lord High Treasurer of England. He then held only the title of Earl of Surrey, but his father's forfeited rank was restored to him for this really splendid victory. He was sixty-nine years of age,

HILT OF A SWORD DUG UP ON FLODDEN FIELD

and was obliged to direct the battle sitting in a wagon.

Across the Till, opposite to the eastern flank of the Flodden hills, is Ford Castle, famous in legend as the place where luckless "King Jamie" wasted weeks in dalliance with Lady Heron of Ford. Unfortunately, James passed in all only eighteen days in England, and most of them were employed in strenuous campaigning or hard work! The room in which he is said to have stayed is not authenticated.

Wark. Two miles from Coldstream on the bank of the Tweed are the slight remains of the castle of Wark, formerly one of the great English Border strongholds, founded about 1135 by Walter Espec, the English commander at the Battle of the Standard. Its history is chiefly one of sieges, but it clings to the legend that, in its Great Hall, the Order of the Garter was instituted by Edward III. in 1349.

Norham. This famous Border fortress was founded in 1121 by Ranulf Flambard, the notorious Prince-Bishop of Durham, as a defence against the Scots. It stands picturesquely above a heavily wooded bend of the Tweed, and is the subject of one of Turner's somewhat imaginary paintings, for it is hard to recognise the point from which he produced the picture. The Norman keep ranks with Newcastle and Bamburgh in the group of super-keeps of Northumberland. Like that of Scarborough, one side of the huge tower is shattered.

Ten times the Scots laid siege to Norham, but only twice in the course of two centuries did they

A BEAUTIFUL CANOPIED TOMB OF THE 14TH CENTURY
In Norham Church

succeed in taking it. The last time of its capture was in 1513, just before Flodden, when the famous Scottish artillery, under the command of Robert Borthwick, tore holes in the walls and forced a surrender after a six days' siege.

Embleton. Dunstanburgh Castle, on the coast near Embleton, is considered to surpass all Northumbrian castles in the grandeur of its site. It stands on a basaltic rock overlooking the sea, and was one of the largest fortresses in England, covering an area of ten acres, though it played a curiously small part in history. There are reasons for believing that it was a British stronghold, but the site was not occupied by a mediæval castle until 1313, when Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, the disaffected cousin of Edward II., began to build it without the licence of the King. During the Wars of the Roses it was taken and retaken no less than five times and reduced to ruins by artillery bombardments. The principal remains consist of the keep, originally built as the gate-house; the Lilburne Tower, constructed about 1325 by John of Lilburne, Constable of Dunstanburgh; and the southern wall, which was defended by four towers. There are also the remains of a building of somewhat rude architecture considered to have been the chapel. The mass of shattered ruins crowning the basalt crags above a storm-tossed sea has furnished inspiration to many artists, including Turner.

Belford. The noble castle of Bamburgh covers the top of a long narrow plateau of basalt overlooking the North Sea. From St. Oswald's

Gate to the eastern end of the enclosure is almost a quarter of a mile, and the area within the walls is nearly five acres. It is now the property of Lord Armstrong, and has been somewhat freely restored, but the splendid keep maintains its original structure, and character for the most part. It dates from 1150 to 1200. Whether regarded from the side of the land or the sea, the great fortress is wonderfully impressive, and its ancient character has been retained in spite of restoration.

MORION AND HALBERT IN BAMBURGH CASTLE

Bamburgh was once the Brigantian stronghold of Dinguardi, and was taken by the English under Ida in 547. It received its name of Bebbanburh (Bebba's Castle) from Ida's grandson, Aethelfrith, who gave it to his Queen Bebba. For over two centuries it was a residence of the kings of Bernicia and Northumbria, and was often besieged.

After the Norman Conquest, a castle was built on the rock by Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland. Robert of Mowbray, the third Earl, rebelled against William Rufus in 1095. He was taken prisoner while on an expedition, and brought before the walls of Bamburgh, where his Countess Matilda was still holding out. She was given a simple alternative—to surrender or see her husband's eyes gouged out! She took the former course, and thereby saved his life, but not his liberty, for he lingered out the succeeding thirty years in imprisonment in Windsor Castle. During the civil war of Stephen's reign, Bamburgh was assaulted by David of Scotland, but not taken. It was the headquarters of Edward I. in 1296, when he summoned the unlucky John Baliol of Scotland to do him homage. During the Wars of the Roses, Bamburgh was a Lancastrian stronghold, and was taken and retaken three times, suffering terribly from the stone balls of the besiegers' clumsy cannon. After this the castle ceased to be of military importance.

Bamburgh village has singular charm and is helped by the possession of an Early English church with long lines and sturdy embattled tower. On the same site there existed in about 630 a small wooden church put up for St. Aidan by King Oswald.

In the churchyard is the grave of the heroic Grace Darling, whose courage in assisting her father to go out to the rescue of a wrecked vessel in stormy weather is familiar wherever English is spoken.

Holy Island is separated from the mainland by

Photochrom

BAMBURGH CASTLE

One of the most striking features of the Northumberland coast

a channel which, at low water, may be crossed on foot. The isle derives its name from the fact that during the early period of English Christianity it was the sacred place of Northumbria. Here the Irish monks, who came to convert the still heathen English, settled under St. Aidan, and there was fixed the seat of the Bishopric of Lindisfarne. One of his successors was the English Saint Cuthbert, who died on one of the Farne Islands in 687. In 875 the monastery was sacked by the Danes, and the monks, carrying with them the bones of St. Aidan, St. Oswald and St. Cuthbert, departed on the long wandering which ended at Durham (see p. 3). A Benedictine monastery was founded on the island over 200 years later by monks from Durham sent by Bishop William of St. Carileph.

To this period the picturesque ruins of weather-worn red sandstone belong. The style is late Norman with a distinct resemblance to Durham. It is possible that they incorporate some fragments of the ancient English church. The monastery always had a semi-fortified character, the peaceful cloister being actually defended by a barbican. At the other end of the island is a curiously isolated cone of rock crowned by a Renaissance castle. It was built about 1500 by the Prior of Durham and is still inhabited.

The views up and down the coast, with Bamburgh Castle and the Farne Islands in the distance, are remarkably fine, this part of the Northumbrian coast being still very free from any disturbing modern enterprises.

CHAPTER IV

THE SCOTTISH BORDERS AND THE BERWICKSHIRE COAST

WHETHER one enters Scotland by Robert Stephenson's huge viaduct which carries the railway across the Tweed, or by the Jacobean road bridge leading into Berwick, the difference in the character of the country is soon apparent. Berwick-on-Tweed, of course, is not Scotland. It stands by itself, an ancient royal borough with specially granted rights, and it is not until Lamberton Toll, about three miles to the north, has been reached that Scotland proper is entered. This point on the highway to Edinburgh, marked by little more than a few low cottages, is the Gretna Green of the Eastern Borders, and the dwelling in which the Bible was kept for hasty weddings remains as it was in the days when advantage of the difference in Scottish laws was not infrequently taken.

The Merse, or eastern march of Scotland, is the name given to the southern parts of Berwickshire lying between the Lammermuirs and the Tweed, and the difference between this strip of country and Northumberland lies in the feeling of emptiness one cannot fail to notice. The land is very fertile and admirably cultivated until heather moors are reached, well-kept grey stone farmhouses

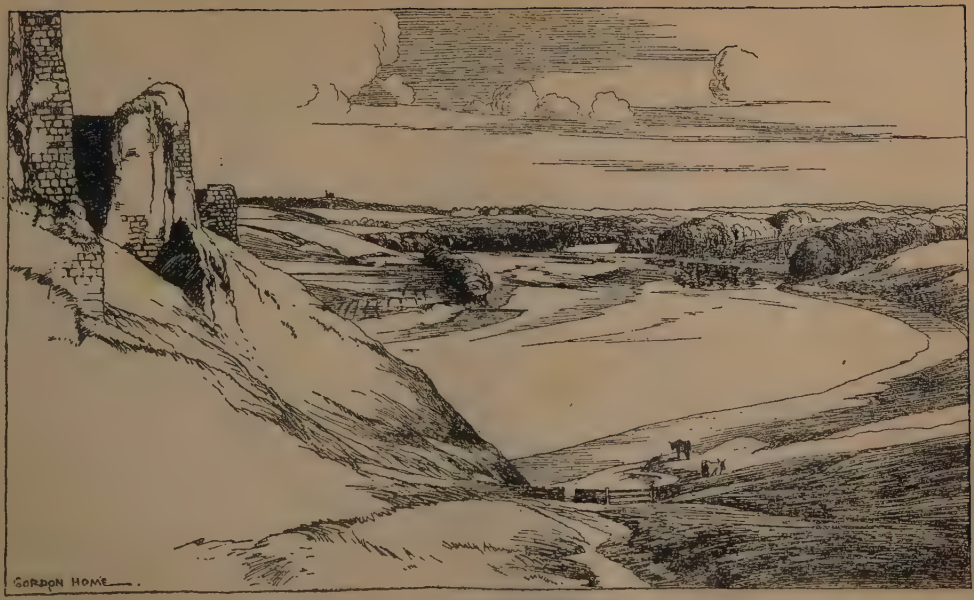
and barns can be seen here and there on the hill slopes, but the villages are few and far apart and the population is scanty. Towns are so rare that Duns, the county town, stands almost alone on the list. The reason for this lack of communal life, and the consequent thinness of the population, is no doubt due to the hazardous conditions of life until the seventeenth century.

For an example of the wasting of the Border counties of almost unparalleled ferocity, one only has to go back to 1545 when the Earl of Hertford, Henry VIII.'s Lieutenant-General of the North, after the defeat of Ancrum Moor, determined to carry out a policy of frightfulness. As a result, the religious houses of Kelso, Melrose, Jedburgh, Dryburgh, Roxburgh and Coldingham were all ruined, and the list of buildings destroyed in two of the Border counties is summarised as follows:

Monasteries and Friarhouses . .	7
Castells, Towres and Piles . .	16
Market townes . . .	5
Villages	243
Mylnes	13
Spytells (=lazar-houses) and Hospitalls	3
	287

The ferocity of the destroyers was no doubt due to the fact that Hertford's force was mainly composed of mercenaries including Germans, Irish, Greeks, Spaniards and other Latin soldiers.

Very little remains of the strong castle of Berwick. Nearly all that was left by the railway



THE TWEED FROM BERWICK

The ruins of the Castle in the foreground

engineers, when they constructed the station in the very midst of the fortress, appears in the drawing reproduced here. Practically the whole town is, however, still encircled by walls and earthworks of a formidable character. The oldest portions visible belong to the Edwardian period, and are mainly to be found on the western side, where the picturesque bell tower of the same age and three storeys in height still stands. It was a look-out for raiding parties, from which, by the tolling of a bell or the lighting of a beacon, warning could be given of the arrival of hostile forces. The other parts of the walls, with massive brick bastions and retired flankers in the inner angles, from which sallies could be made, are Elizabethan.

Viewed from a distance, Berwick is more picturesque than almost any town in the country. Its compactness within its walls with the old bridge in the foreground, the sea to the right, and conspicuous above the jumble of bright red roofs, the belfry of the eighteenth-century town hall, seem to present all the ingredients of the old-time "perspective view," so popular with the engravers of two hundred years ago. The church was built during the Commonwealth, and being severely classical has no tower. Colonel Fenwick, the governor of Berwick under Cromwell, by whom the church was erected, would have been responsible for the permission to use the stones of the castle for the new building.

The curfew is still rung at eight o'clock every night in the tower of the town hall.

About three miles north-west of Berwick is Hali-

don Hill, where, on a July day in 1333, Edward III. inflicted a terrible defeat on the Scots under the command of Sir Archibald Douglas, the Regent during the minority of Robert Bruce's son and successor, David II. The losses caused among the nobles of Scotland by the English archers, who may be said to have won the battle, were so heavy that it began to be said in Scotland that all was over on account of there not being a leader left in the country. This despairing cry of the pessimists was soon proved to be an erroneous estimate of the situation.

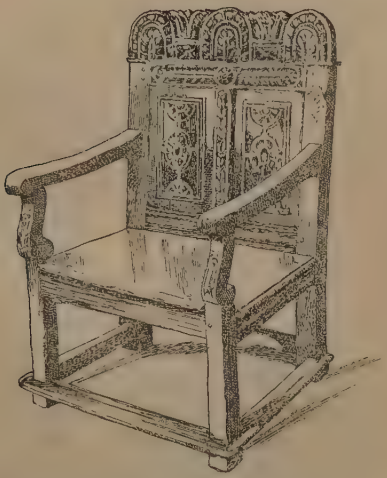
At Mordington House, Cromwell stayed more than once in 1648 and 1650. Some of his reports are dated from "The Lord Mordington's House," and slight indications of the entrenchments thrown up at that time are still to be seen.

The course of the Tweed all the way to Coldstream frequently presents beautiful compositions of steep wooded banks and cliffs, between which a silvery sheet of water appears broken by rock-strewn ledges and swirling shallows. Cloud-veiled on the south-western horizon appear the outlines of the Cheviot Hills, the Muckle Cheviot (2676 feet) having the form, according to the imaginative in such matters, of someone lying on his back in bed with his knees drawn up.

Paxton House, an eighteenth-century residence of the Milne-Homes, is a notable feature as one goes towards Ladykirk, where the church stands above the woods on the bank opposite to Norham. The little church is an exceptionally complete example of the last phase of Gothic in Scotland,

and has a stone-vaulted roof supported by a series of splendid ribs.

At Coldstream there are no antiquities, and indeed it is amazing that any buildings have emerged from the welter of warring nations and Border families. There are, however, innumerable memo-



CARVED OAK CHAIR FROM HOME CASTLE, NOW AT THE HIRSEL, COLDSTREAM

ries clinging to this Tweedside village. After the fatal September night in 1513, it was by the ford of Coldstream that the greater part of the Scottish army escaped. On the 20th August, 1640, this part of the river saw a more fortunate Scottish enterprise, when Leslie and Montrose led their grey-coated and blue-capped Covenanters up to their middles through the water on their way to

fight King Charles "For Christ's Croun and Covenant."

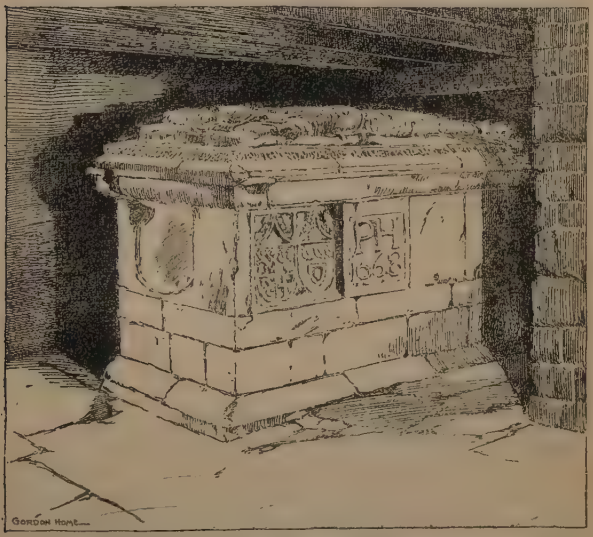
The Hirsel, a rather heavy grey pile in a beautiful park, is the seat of the Earls of Home. It is quite probable that the south-west wing and tower date back to the days when this was little more than a fairly large Border pele of the usual massive type.

The village of Birgham is of interest on account of the two meetings of English and Scottish Commissioners, which took place there in 1290, with the approval of Edward I., to settle the Scottish succession, the hopes of which came to naught through the untimely death of the little Princess Margaret—"The Maid of Norway."

Marchmont. The imposing eighteenth-century seat of the Humes (or Homes) known as "Marchmont House," lately sold out of the ancient family, stands in a beautiful park and contains some notable pictures. In 1685 Sir Patrick Home, who had escaped from Argyll's ill-starred attempt to overturn the tyranny of James II., secreted himself in the family vault beneath Polwarth Church near by. His daughter, Lady Grisell, contrived to take him a mattress, and in the dead of night used to slip through the park to the church with a daily supply of food, only her mother and one manservant being aware of the situation. Parties of soldiers made frequent searches of the house without discovering the secret, even when, at the end of a month, Sir Patrick risked hiding in the house itself. Eventually he effected his escape disguised as a surgeon, and reached Holland in safety.

Duns, the capital of Berwickshire, is the reputed

birthplace, about 1275, of Duns Scotus, the famous "Schoolman" of that early period, and the little town, true to this tradition, is the centre of education in the county, the children of fisherfolk on the coast travelling to Duns daily by train in



TOMB OF SIR PATRICK AND DAME ALYS HOME
IN A VAULT UNDER EDROM CHURCH

order to obtain the educational advantages of the county town of which the sagacity of the Scotsman impels him to take full advantage.

Duns Law is a hill of about 700 feet in height overlooking the town, and no doubt the origin of its name. On two occasions Leslie's Covenanters entrenched and held the hill during the Parlia-

mentary War. Duns Castle, which has for a long time been a seat of the Hay family, retains part of Randolph Earl of Moray's pele.

Edrom. About three miles to the north-east is the modern Broomhouse, which stands on the site of the old fortified peel burnt by Sir Ralph Eure in 1545. The story of the destruction of Broomhouse is popularly told as one of the causes of embitterment on the Scottish side, on account of the callous savagery of the circumstances. It appears that, during this particular raid, Sir Patrick Home was absent when a part of Sir Ralph Eure's mercenaries demanded surrender. This Dame Alys refused. Thereat a pile of wood was set alight, which soon burnt down the little pele tower, its defenders, including the lady and her family, all perishing in the flames. For some time after this savage incident the cry of the Borderers as they rushed at the English in battle was " Remember Broomhouse."

Burnmouth is a tiny fishing village built in a cleft and along the foot of the precipitous slopes of the coast, half-way between Berwick-on-Tweed and St. Abb's Head. The red roofs and white-washed walls against the background of grass-grown cliff showing a good deal of the red sandstone make attractive colour schemes. A microscopic harbour protects the fishing boats, and the air is generally filled with the cries of the gulls whose dazzling whiteness is an ever-present feature of the coastal villages. Two treaties between England and Scotland were signed at this little place in 1384 and 1497.

Eyemouth, as its name proclaims, is at the mouth of the little river from which Ayton (formerly Eyton) derives its name. It is a small town redolent of fish and famed for its trawling fleet. In 1881 a storm of cyclonic strength caught a large proportion of the boats before they could make the harbour, wrecking such a large number that it was necessary to raise a fund to succour the numerous widows and orphans.

Ayton. The stronghold of the Homes of Ayton was razed to the ground by the Earl of Surrey in 1498, when he came against James IV., who had championed the claims of Perkin Warbeck. The imposing modern castle of red sandstone is picturesque, but without any interest.

Reston Junction. From the village of Reston, a road goes through Coldingham to the fine headland of St. Abb's, and those who enjoy a walk of about fifteen miles have the opportunity of exploring a historic corner of Berwickshire, which possesses the charm of being very little known.

Reston, the point from which one starts, is only interesting in connection with the strategy of the warfare between the two countries, for the village is placed at the southern end of the pass through the Lammermuirs known as Cockburnspath. The range of hills broken up with deep and sudden valleys was an effective barrier to movements of armies, however small, and unless a commander chose a route many miles to the west he was compelled to use Cockburnspath. Thus in the Middle Ages this pass was the regular way of communication between England and Scotland, and the

numerous earthworks still to be seen on the hills at either end of the valley attest its great military importance in antiquity. In the days before long-range firearms, the narrow defile was easy to hold, a fact attested by Cromwell, when he said that ten men to hold " Copperspeth " were better than forty to force a way. There is little doubt that some of Arthur's series of battles against the English invaders in the fifth century were fought in or about Cockburnspath — the " Dubglass," where the *Historia Brittonum* tells of four great fights, being almost certainly Dunglass, which is at the northern end of the pass.

The most remarkable of the many hill forts is known as Edens Hall, and is perched on a precipitous shoulder of Cockburn Law. It has a triple rampart on the side not protected by the steep drop to the Whiteadder, and in the enclosed area there is one of the largest circular dry-stone buildings in Scotland. The wall is seventeen feet in thickness and contains a number of chambers, one of them having still the lower part of a roughly constructed staircase. It is impossible to state to what extent the internal space was roofed, but certainly the smaller circular houses within the earthen ramparts would have been covered in, perhaps with beehive-shaped roofs of stone.

The ruins of the church of Coldingham Priory are now incorporated in the village church, and what remains of the beautiful Early English structure is therefore preserved from further destruction. The arcading on the exterior shows that the transition from Romanesque was still

in progress when the building came into being. Coldingham is said to have come into existence as a double monastery (*i.e.* monks and nuns) in the seventh century, the name of Ebba, its first abbess, being preserved in that of the adjoining cape—St. Abb's Head. A story of the convent is told by Matthew of Westminster, which tells of the fear of inmates during the raids of the Danes under Ingvar and Hubba in the ninth century. Having heard of their horrible treatment of religious houses, the abbess is said to have told her nuns of a plan she had devised of saving themselves from dishonour by the invaders. It was that they should all cut off their noses and upper lips, and so make themselves repulsive in appearance. In their anger at finding what the women had done, the Danes are said to have burned down the nunnery, and its occupants, imprisoned inside, met their death in the flames.

Coming from legend to history, it is recorded that the priory was granted to the monks of Durham in 1098 by Edgar, King of Scotland, and a church was dedicated two years later. The existing building belongs to the period when, in about 1147, the Benedictine house was established, which grew, became exceedingly wealthy and survived until 1544.

Coldingham has the unique distinction of being the direct cause of the downfall and death of a king of Scotland. The affair arose through the forcible appropriation of the revenues of the priory by Alexander, first Lord Home, in the year 1456. This amazing usurpation of religious property

lasted for some thirty years before it was seriously challenged. In 1485, however, James III. procured a Papal bull sanctioning the suppression of the priory and the transference of the greater part of the endowments to the Royal Chapel at Stirling. The Homes replied to this by driving away the ecclesiastical commissioners by force, and ultimately they raised a rebellion which was joined by many great barons, and ended in meeting James's army at Sauchieburn, near Stirling, where the terror-stricken King was killed as he fled from the field. The rebels used as their puppet, and brought into the field with them, James's heir, who became King James IV., and, like his father, fell in battle (at Flodden) through the treachery or indifference to his fate of the grandson of the appropriator of Coldingham. Sir Walter Scott and others, however, regard this supposed treachery as pure fiction.

St. Abb's Head is composed of porphyritic trap, which has been scoured and smoothed by glacial action. Its face is an almost inaccessible wall two hundred feet in height, penetrated by deep caverns, approachable only from the sea and in the calmest weather.

To the west of St. Abb's are the battered ruins of Fast Castle, built on a nearly detached mass of highly contorted rock. It belonged at first to the Earls of March, and early in the eighteenth century was in the hands of the Homes. The strength and importance of this quite small stronghold lay in its peculiar inaccessibility, and Cromwell's officers compared it with Tantallon, but noted that it was not large enough for cavalry. The exceedingly

FAST CASTLE, NEAR ST. ABB'S HEAD

It is the " Wolf's Crag " in Scott's *The Bride of Lammermoor*

narrow neck joining the castle to the mainland was defended by a ditch twenty feet wide in front of a gateway flanked by round towers. What is left from the demolition ordered by Cromwell, and the subsequent effects of north-easterly gales, is insignificant, but sufficient to testify to the original strength of this little eagle's nest.

Fast Castle figured prominently on several occasions in Anglo-Scottish history. On August 1, 1502, Margaret Tudor slept there as the guest of "the lord of the said place"—Sir Patrick Home, whose successor was eleven years later slain at Flodden. The next event was of a less peaceful character when it was stormed by the English under the Protector Somerset in 1547. In the following year it was retaken by the courage and enterprise of the people of the locality. They had been ordered to provide provisions for the English garrison, and on the appointed day they duly arrived. Removing the sacks from their horses they were allowed to enter the castle gates. Once inside they threw down their loads, and seizing concealed weapons overcame the garrison.

In the reign of James VI. that most strangely complicated plot known as the Gowrie Conspiracy to seize the king's person, included in its programme the bringing of James, when secured, to this lonely stronghold, then owned by Robert Logan of Restalrig, who had obtained the castle by marriage.

It is perhaps little known that "Wolf's Crag," the home of Ravenswood in Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*, is Fast Castle. The walk across the

heather and grass-lands down into Cockburnspath gives splendid views along the coast towards Dunbar and the Bass Rock, and on descending into the defile one has a very clear impression of the military strength of the pass. This northern end is exceedingly picturesque with steep wooded banks and a charming view into the recesses of the Pease Burn.

Cockburnspath. The village is notable for its church, which though much restored still retains its curious circular tower in the centre and the west front.

CHAPTER V

EAST LOTHIAN

CROSSING the Dunglass Burn, Berwickshire is left behind, but in no way is the warlike atmosphere of the countryside diminished. The eastern end of the Lammermuirs comes within two or three miles of the sea, forcing road and railway to keep close to the coast as far as Dunbar.

It is generally a great surprise to those who penetrate the recesses of this range of hills for the first time, to discover how fine and often imposing is the scenery. The upper course of the Blackadder is full of wild picturesqueness known to few besides fishermen and those who visit the country in the shooting season.

From the modern point of view this corner of the Lowlands spells little besides the great Scottish game, famous golf links being distributed along the coast from Dunbar to Edinburgh, with the best known at Gullane and North Berwick.

Innerwick. In the grounds of Dunglass the house is built on a site of a castle of the Homes, and near by there are the ruins of a small church in beautiful Gothic of about 1450.

Dunbar. About two miles south-east of the town, on the slopes of Doone Hill, the last outlier of the Lammermuirs, is the field of the famous battle of September 3, 1650.

Dunbar was the scene of a rout of the Scots by Edward I. in 1296, who immediately afterwards captured the castle. It was the refuge of Edward II. after the catastrophe of Bannockburn in 1314, and, in 1339, was gallantly held against the English by " Black " Agnes Randolph, Countess of March, great-niece of Robert Bruce. The castle was also the scene of several episodes in the tragic life of Mary Stuart, and from the sea-girt fortress she and Bothwell went to Carberry Hill, where they parted for ever.

The town's most famous association is with the battle of September 3, 1650, always considered to be the crowning glory, as a general, of Oliver Cromwell. The Protector with about 12,000 half-starved and disease-stricken veterans had been forced to abandon his semi-blockade of Edinburgh and to retreat to Dunbar, closely pursued by a Scottish force of some 25,000 under Lieutenant-General David Leslie. Cromwell halted at Dunbar, in order to embark his sick men, and Leslie, seizing the mouth of Cockburnspath at Pease Bridge, cut off his retreat to England. Leslie now determined to make a general attack upon Cromwell's cramped position in the peninsula of Dunbar and on September 2 moved his army down the slope of Doone Hill in preparation for the assault. This, however, placed the Scottish forces very badly for defence if they were attacked, since their masses were lying on slippery hill slopes on which manœuvring was almost impossible. The line lay between the modern farms of Little Pinkerton and Mickle Pinkerton.

In the night of September 2-3, Cromwell massed all his artillery—about twenty guns—escorted by a few battalions of infantry, on the left bank of the Broxburn, south-east of Dunbar. He then passed all the rest of the army across the stream. In the early dusk the English artillery began its cannonade on the Scottish left wing cramped on the slope, while their main body charged the centre and right of the enemy, almost before they were able to form. The skill and experience of the English veterans were too much for untrained bravery. The Scots' cavalry was routed, and in its flight it carried disorder into the infantry, which broke and fled in every direction, except two splendid regiments which stood their ground and were exterminated. The slaughter was terrible, for the fighting was hand-to-hand between the sword and lance of the cavalry and musket butt of the infantry. On this fatal day Scotland lost 3000 men killed, over 5000 wounded, and 5000 prisoners. Thirty-two guns and 200 flags were taken.

The castle of Dunbar on low rocks only slightly raised above the spray is now a somewhat fragmentary ruin. The church is interesting on account of its possession of — for Scotland — a most sumptuous monument to George Home, Earl of Dunbar and March, High Treasurer of Scotland in 1593.

The golf links form the chief attraction of the town. There is a little fishing village at Belhaven (=Bielhaven), and Biel House contains a famous picture gallery.

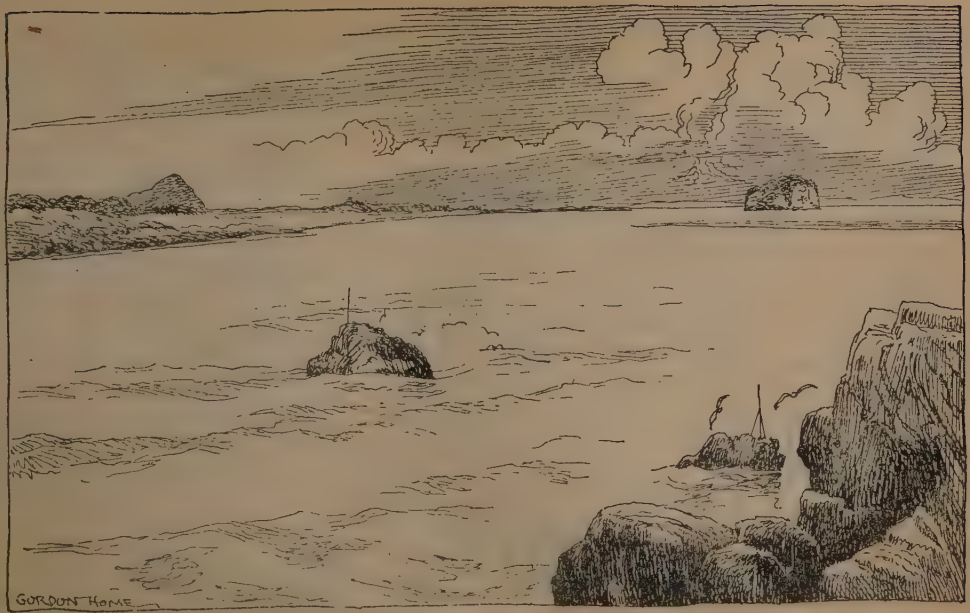
East Linton. Quite close to this village on the eastern side is the oddly-named Phantassie, where the famous engineer, John Rennie, the designer of Waterloo and London Bridges, was born in 1761. He was educated at the parish school of East Linton.

Among the famous seats of the neighbourhood are Tyninghame (Earl of Haddington) and Whittinghame (Earl Balfour, who will surely be known to history as Mr. Arthur Balfour).

The isolated hill called Traprain Law (724 feet) became famous when there was discovered, in 1919, a very remarkable hoard of Roman silver articles all smashed up in a manner indicating that they formed the hurriedly-buried spoil of a raider. Dirleton retains the stately ruins of a thirteenth-century castle of the family of de Vaux. In later Scottish times it belonged to the family of Ruthven, and is said to have been the bribe offered to Logan of Restalrig to join the mysterious Gowrie Conspiracy. (See p. 58.)

North Berwick is a favourite seaside watering-place for Edinburgh and its district, and also attracts visitors from far and wide. The magnet is the famous golf course. This wind-swept corner of East Lothian commands beautiful views towards the Bass Rock and the Isle of May, with the mountainous coast of Fife beyond. Inland is Berwick Law, the strangely detached volcanic hill rising to 612 feet, a feature of the journey from London to Edinburgh which always draws attention to itself.

Tantallon. Three miles east of North Berwick are the ruins of Tantallon Castle, the famous



NORTH BERWICK LAW AND THE BASS ROCK FROM DUNBAR

stronghold of the Douglases, from which they defied all Scotland. The stronghold stands on a craggy promontory overhanging the sea. Across the isthmus were carried two moats, one purely artificial, the other originally a natural cleft. Behind the second of these stood a barrier wall fifty feet high, with a great square gate-house tower in the centre, a circular tower being placed at each extremity. A considerable part of this barrier and its tower remains, but the buildings behind it have been reduced to ruins. Tantallon was practically impregnable in the days before artillery. "Ding down Tantallon, and build a brig to the Bass," was a common Scottish saying. It was, however, taken in 1650 by General Monk, acting on Cromwell's orders. Cromwell was a terrible destroyer of such reputations as that of Tantallon.

About a mile and a half off shore is the famous Bass Rock, an isolated tabular mass of basalt, 350 feet high, with precipitous sides falling to the sea, the home of countless seabirds, including the Solan goose. Landing is difficult even in calm weather, and the rock had always been counted one of the "strengths" of Scotland. It was described by Alcuin in the eighth century, and was very probably the stronghold called Judeu in which the Northumbrian kings safeguarded their treasure. In the seventeenth century it was used as a state prison for Covenanters. So inaccessible was it that the rock was held for nearly three years (June 15, 1691, to April 1694) by a handful of sixteen hare-brained Jacobites, who had succeeded in surprising it.

Haddington, the principal town of East Lothian and capital of the county, is connected by a branch with the main line from Edinburgh to Dunbar. It is a small town chiefly known by reason of its weekly grain markets, but the church is worthy of mention. It is the nave of the church of a Franciscan monastery founded in the twelfth century and was formerly of such magnificence as to be called the Lamp of Lothian. Haddington was the birthplace of the destroyer of all Scotland's monasteries—John Knox. The town lies in a pleasant valley between the Lammermuirs on the south and the Garleton Hills on the north, through which the Scottish Tyne flows to the sea at Belhaven Bay.

Longniddry. On the coast between Aberlady and Gullane, reached by a short line of railway from Longniddry, are some of the most famous golf links in Scotland. At Gullane there are two eighteen-hole courses, and the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers has its private links here. This old club ranks second to the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. At Aberlady is the eighteen-hole course of the Luffness Golf Club, and the Kilspindie Golf Course is also in the neighbourhood.

Nearing Edinburgh one battlefield after another is passed. The eastern approach to the Scottish capital was defended by the River Esk, but the battlefields are all on its right bank. The first to be reached from the direction of Dunbar is

Prestonpans where, on September 21, 1745, "Bonnie Prince Charlie" gained his famous

victory over Lieutenant-General Cope. The Prince led between 3000 and 4000 Highlanders, not one half of whom were equipped with proper weapons. He had one useless gun which was dragged into the field solely to inspirit the wild Highlanders, who had a superstitious confidence in the "Musket's Mother." Cope commanded nearly 3000 men and 6 guns, but had no trained artillerymen, and his cavalry were raw and demoralised by unsuccessful skirmishes with the Highlanders. Moreover, on the night before the battle, the Jacobites succeeded in turning Cope's position, and thus he was obliged to change front and fight with his infantry posted in front of a park wall. The Highlanders moved steadily up into musket range, threw away their plaids, fired a single volley, and then charging, claymore in hand, at terrific speed and with wild yells, they won the battle in five minutes. The English cavalry bolted; 400 of the foot-soldiers were killed and 2000 were captured, many of these prisoners being frightfully wounded with the sweeping blows of the claymore. Cope himself behaved with great bravery, though certainly he was no general—simply a hard-fighting officer of cavalry. The rout was celebrated in a somewhat rollicking Jacobite ballad:

> Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?
> Or are your drums a beatin' yet?
> If ye were waukin' I wad wait
> To gang to the coals in the morning.

Inveresk (or Crossgatehall). Nearer to Edinburgh are two other battlefields. On Carberry Hill, which overlooks Dalkeith Park on the east, Mary, Queen

of Scots, was deserted by her army on June 15, 1567, and forced to surrender to her insurgent Protestant nobles, while her husband, Bothwell, fled from the field and took to piracy on the high seas.

Musselburgh. At the mouth of the Esk, on the outskirts of Musselburgh, is the field of Pinkie Cleugh, one of the most disastrous defeats ever suffered by Scottish arms, and yet, like many other similar affairs, not followed by a general collapse of the country. The battle was fought on September 10, 1547. The English army, which included a large number of foreign mercenaries, was stationed under the Protector Somerset (formerly the Earl of Hertford) on Falside and Carberry, while the Scots, in much greater force, were encamped on the left bank of the Esk behind Inveresk Church. They made the fatal mistake, not for the first time, of leaving their strong position to attack the English. The vanguard, under Archibald, Earl of Angus, beat off with its array of pikes the charges of the English cavalry so effectively that Lord Grey told Somerset that he might as well bid him attack a castle wall! But Angus was not well supported, and covered by a heavy fire of guns, muskets and archery, the whole English army was thrown upon him. There followed a murderous rout in which 10,000 Scots are said to have been massacred. The results of the victory, so far as the English were concerned, were absolutely nil. Probably this merciless slaughter delayed the union of the countries for the half-century which elapsed before James VI. of Scotland became James I. of Great Britain and Ireland.

ONE OF THE BYWAYS OF OLD EDINBURGH
(*From a drawing by the late Herbert Railton*)

CHAPTER VI

EDINBURGH AND WEST LOTHIAN

THERE is no city in the British Isles comparable to Edinburgh for the magnificence of its site. A wild and romantic picturesqueness clings to the capital of a country whose past contains so much that appeals to the imaginative qualities of the human mind.

The miracle of Edinburgh is the conscious recognition of its splendid setting which has resulted in Princes Street—the finest city boulevard in the world. Had London seen the possibilities of the Strand and left the river side of that great street open to the Thames, the capital of the Empire would have possessed a thoroughfare which could be compared with that of Princes Street. But a people lacking imagination choked up the view with a soul-destroying line of featureless shops and deprived itself of a prospect almost equal, in its gentler Southern manner, to that of the Scottish Athens.

The familiar comparison of Edinburgh with the centre of Hellenic life and achievement is not limited to its Acropolis-like castle, its Piræus in the Forth, and the romantic conformation of volcanic hills and precipices in which it is placed.

THE GREYFRIARS CHURCH, EDINBURGH
(From a drawing by the late Herbert Railton)

The title is also justified by the intellectual eminence attained by the city.

It was not until 1436 that Edinburgh became the capital of united Scotland. Before this the centre of the kingdom was generally Perth, owing, of course, to its vicinity to Scone, the ancient crowning place of the Scottish kings, right down to Charles II., in spite of the loss of the sacred stone. The castle is said to have been founded about 626 by Eadwin the Great, King of Northumbria, as a frontier fortress against the Britons of Strathclyde and the Picts. There appears to have been no Roman station on the castle rock. This was natural, as the great road from the Wall *via* Newstead reached the Forth at Inveresk, where indications of a Roman station have been found. The next stage to the Antonine turf wall was at Cramond, so that the site of Edinburgh was left to the south, being of no value from the standpoint of the military advance against Caledonia. Until 1018 it belonged to Northumbria, but in that year it was taken by the Scottish king Malcolm II., and confirmed to him by Cnut, who preferred him as a vassal to the rebellious Englishmen of the North. The commencement of Edinburgh's greatness was under David I., who created it a Royal borough and founded the Abbey of Holyrood in 1128. For a century and a half thereafter it enjoyed as a rule peace and increasing prosperity, but evil times came with the opening of the Anglo-Scottish Wars in 1296. After this, although the town was taken and sacked repeatedly, the castle remained impregnable until

THE WEST DOOR OF THE CHURCH OF HOLYROOD ABBEY

(From a drawing by the late Herbert Railton)

1650, when its maidenhood was ended by Cromwell. In 1689, the Duke of Gorda, with less than a hundred men, held it for two months against William III.'s Scottish forces.

Edinburgh to-day consists of two great quarters —the old town to the south and the new town on the north, with the castle on its rock towering above them. Eastward along the castle ridge runs a succession of streets famed in history, the Lawnmarket, High Street or High Gate, and Canongate, ending at the Palace of Holyrood. North of Holyrood is Calton Hill, picturesquely crowned by the columns of the incomplete national monument and the Observatory. To the south is the gaunt scarp of Salisbury Crags and the volcanic summit known as Arthur's Seat rising to 822 feet above the sea. The association of the name of Arthur with this height may not be legendary, for the list of battles in the *Historia Brittonum* seems to indicate a line of march from Northumberland, through Cockburnspath and along the Forth into the Caledonian Forest, which probably denotes the wild country of Perthshire.

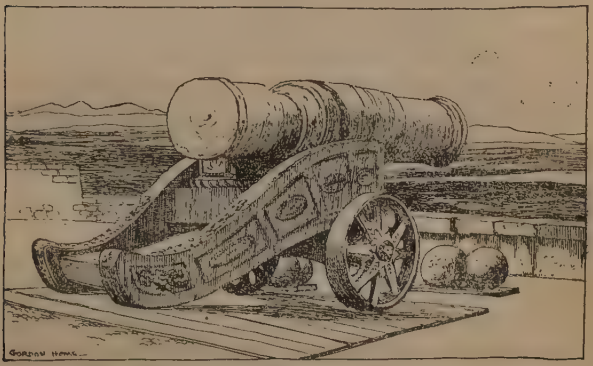
Even to catalogue the interesting buildings of Edinburgh is a large undertaking, for the city teems with survivals of the days before the country gave up its mediæval love of warfare, intrigue and assassination. One of the most remarkable views of the castle is from the Grassmarket right beneath the precipitous southern side of its rock. When one has climbed to the gateway and passed up the sloping ascent to the battlements, the splendour of the setting of the city is more than ever impressed

Photochrom

EDINBURGH CASTLE FROM THE GRASSMARKET

The fortress had remained impregnable until 1650, when it was taken by Cromwell

on the mind. Standing beside the famous cannon called Mons Meg, which is believed to have been forged at Mons in 1486, one has an aeroplane view of the city. Down below, where the little loch formerly reflected the basaltic precipices, are the gardens bordering Princes Street, at the



MONS MEG ON THE RAMPARTS OF EDINBURGH CASTLE

A fifteenth-century cannon made in two pieces. It was sent to the Tower of London in 1754 and at the suggestion of Sir Walter Scott was given back to Scotland by George IV. in 1829.

eastern end of which stands the delicate Gothic monument to Sir Walter Scott designed by George Kemp. Beyond the Georgian blocks of stone buildings appears the open green country stretching towards the silver Forth beyond which rise the hills of Fife.

The Norman chapel of St. Margaret, one of the castle's conspicuous features, dates back to the days of Malcolm Canmore's saintly queen, who

did so much to bring civilising influences into Scotland.

The High Street has not yet lost all its curious old wynds and flights of stone steps descending steeply between the very tall and gaunt houses flanking the ridge. Like so many of the fine old houses of Dublin and other cities which have expanded, the occupants of these rather forbidding courts and passages were at one time the wealthiest and most distinguished people of the city. Here, too, occurred so many of those desperate affairs when a stealthy figure lurking in the shadows of an archway would use his dagger with deadly effect and disappear before the victim's friends were aware of the deed.

St. Giles's Kirk, with its remarkable crown-shaped spire, is a building redolent of the days when Scotland was torn by religious differences. Its interior is solemn and impressive, and is very well maintained. The English burnt the ancient church in 1385 during the invasion under Richard II., and it was then rebuilt by Robert III. who died in 1406. Among the many interesting incidents which have occurred in St. Giles's was that of July 23, 1637, when Archbishop Laud was doing his utmost to reintroduce the highest forms of ritualism. The Dean of Edinburgh having said: "Let us read the collect for the day," a man shouted out: "Deil colic the wame of thee," and a woman named Janet Geddes, seizing her "cutty stool," hurled it at the Dean's head. An uproar arose, and less than two years had elapsed before Scotland was in revolt against Charles I.,

followed, in 1643, by the formation of the Solemn League and Covenant, the members of which called themselves "Covenanters."

The house commonly associated with John Knox, the violent and narrow-minded apostle of the Scottish Reformation, occupies a prominent position in the Canongate. It is quite one of the most picturesque survivals of sixteenth-century Edinburgh, its gables and over-hanging upper storeys having a Southern character one hardly expects to find north of the Tweed. The Tolbooth, which was so conspicuous during the Porteous Riot of 1736, when the door of the prison was burnt by a mob and the unfortunate Captain Porteous was taken out and hanged, is still a feature of the broad street as one goes down towards Holyrood House. David I. founded the Abbey of Holyrood by bringing Augustinian canons from St. Andrews and appointing as the first abbot his confessor Alwin. The monastery was richly endowed and became very prosperous, the buildings being very beautiful when that efficient instrument of the anger of Henry VIII. against James V., Lord Hertford, did here what he had done on the Borders. The buildings were so wrecked that by 1581 the fine Norman choir and transept of David's abbey church were pulled down and the nave patched up as a Presbyterian kirk.

James IV. began to use the abbey as a palace and he or his successor built the oldest portion of the existing quadrangle. The north-western corner of this still survives, including in it what are called "Queen Mary's Rooms." These are the apart-

ments so full of the glamour and romantic happenings of the reign of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Dalkeith is famous for the Palace, one of the seats of the Dukes of Buccleuch. It was built by Anne, Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch (1651-1732), the widow of the luckless Duke who was executed after his defeat on Sedgemoor. The heavy style of the architecture proclaims the palace to be the work of Sir John Vanbrugh. In the '45 it was the headquarters of Prince Charlie.

Dalhousie. The old castle of the Earls of Dalhousie has been modernised.

Fushie Bridge. When Mary, Queen of Scots, and Bothwell were, in 1567, fleeing from the rebel Protestant lords, they stopped at the Castle of Borthwick on June 7. It is a somewhat forbidding pile, like many others associated with the young Queen.

Cromwell in 1650 found the fortress a nest of moss-troopers, and therefore told Lord Borthwick that if he did not " walk away " he would " bend " his cannon against him. It appears that the advice was followed.

Roslin. An exceedingly attractive spot to visit from Edinburgh is the stretch of the richly-wooded Esk between Roslin and Hawthornden. Roslin Castle was built by Sir William St. Clair in Norman times and, in 1544, it suffered under the decree of " frightfulness " which wrecked so many of Scotland's finest buildings. However, it was restored and the St. Clairs continued to live there in the greatest splendour. Early in the following century Lady St. Clair was, according to one

account which sounds highly exaggerated, " served by seventy-five gentlewomen, all clothed in velvet and silk with their chains of gold and other ornaments, and was attended by 200 riding gentlemen in all her journeys." The castle ruins remain to-day imposing and picturesque, and the various defensive arrangements are full of interest.

Roslin " Chapel " close to the castle is the most remarkable late Gothic structure in Scotland. William St. Clair, Earl of Caithness and Orkney, began it in 1446, but only the chancel and part of the transept of what was designed to be a complete collegiate church were built. A mob from Edinburgh in 1688 did a good deal of damage to the beautiful building, fortunately without damaging the elaborate stone vaulting of the roof. One of the pillars of the two arcades is enriched by a very fine spiral wreath of foliage, and it is concerning this that the popular legend of the " 'Prentice's Pillar " is associated. The story has it that whoever was responsible for this elaborate piece of work found himself unable to execute it without special study. The master-mason therefore repaired to Rome to gain the knowledge he lacked, to find, on his return, that an apprentice had finished the work. In a fit of anger he struck the youth a fatal blow with his mallet. Another strange legend is associated with the crypt or vault under the eastern end of the chancel. It was commonly believed that bodies laid there would be preserved in some miraculous manner, and, on this account, the St. Clairs were understood to place their dead there clad in complete armour

without any coffins. In his ballad of *Rosabelle*, Scott mentions the superstition:

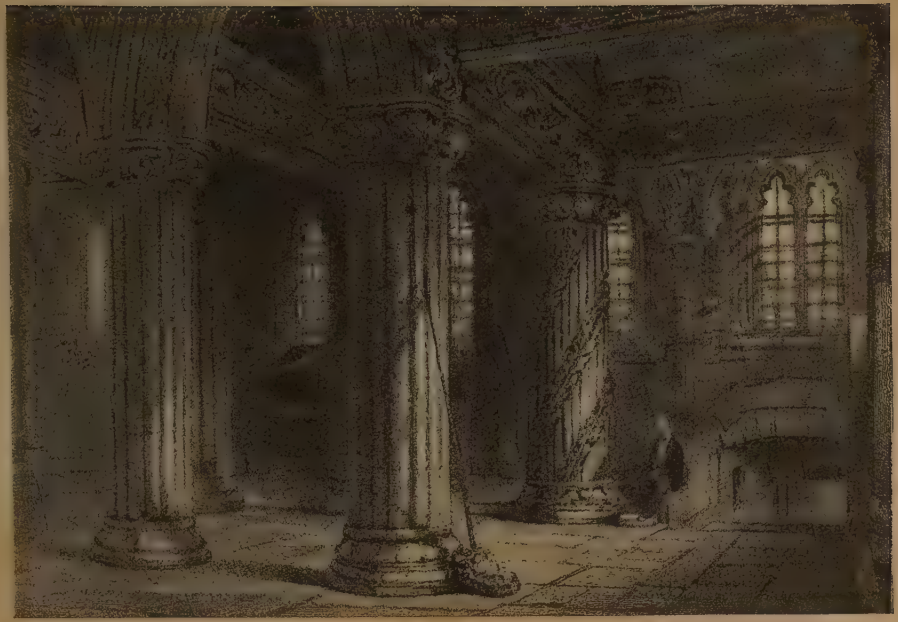
> O'er Roslin all that dreary night,
> A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
> . . . . .
> Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
> Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
> Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
> Sheathed in his iron panoply.

An exceedingly pleasant right-of-way along the Esk leads, in a mile, to the imposingly situated house called Hawthornden, where the poet and devoted Royalist, William Drummond of Hawthornden, was born in 1585. His death, in 1649, was probably brought on by his grief on hearing of the execution of Charles I.

Dalmeny is close to that most impressive of engineering triumphs, the Forth Bridge. It was built between 1883 and 1890, at a cost of £3,500,000, to carry the railway northwards and avoid the ferry from Granton to Burntisland. The height of the three giant cantilevers is 360 feet, and the whole length of the bridge measures over a mile and a half. It was designed by Sir Benjamin Baker and Sir John Fowler.

The church of Dalmeny is the most complete specimen of Romanesque architecture in Scotland. Its nave has been rather badly mauled in order to find space for the Rosebery pew. Dalmeny Park, the Earl of Rosebery's chief Scottish seat, is pleasantly wooded and commands very fine views over the Forth.

Linlithgow is famous for its Royal palace, a build-



THE 'PRENTICE'S PILLAR, ROSLIN CHAPEL
From an engraving o the picture by J. A. Bell

Rural Libra

ing still fairly complete, if roofless. Placed on a slight slope above a small loch, the appearance of the palace is more picturesque than any other Royal residence in Scotland. The early castle or pele of Linlithgow was for thirteen years in the possession of the English and was then retaken by the Scots. In 1424 it was burnt and the present building was finished at the very end of the century. The north wing was added by James VI. It is sad to have to state that it was through the English troops under Hawley, who were quartered in the palace, that a fire was caused which left the magnificent pile in a half-ruined state.

Here Mary, Queen of Scots, was born on December 8, 1542, while her father, James V., lay a-dying at Falkland, expressing his broken-hearted feelings in the words, "Adieu, farewell, it came with a lass, and it will go with a lass."

Falkirk would hardly be recognised by the mediæval kings and warriors who met in battle there in 1298, so altered is the scene by the modern industrial town. Edward I.'s army of about 20,000 faced an almost equal force under Wallace. The Scots were, however, weak both in cavalry and archers, and their dense squares were thinned by the English arrows, which prepared the way for cavalry charges, before which they were unable to stand, and Edward's army gained the day. As late as 1746 Falkirk was again the scene of a battle when, on January 17, Prince Charles Edward defeated Lieutenant-General Hawley's force and captured nine of his guns.

From Bridgeness to Old Kilpatrick ran the

turf wall built between A.D. 140 and 143, by command of Antoninus I. (" Pius "), in order to check the incursions of the troublesome Caledonians. It was maintained with some interruptions for about seventy years until 211, when Caracallus and Geta abandoned all the Roman territory north of Hadrian's Wall and its outposts. Remains of this turf barrier are to be seen at Mumrills, near Falkirk, and a number of other points along the thirty-six miles of the wall.

A. H. Robinson

QUEEN MARY'S BEDCHAMBER, HOLYROOD PALACE

In the adjoining room David Riccio was murdered by King Henry (Darnley) and some friends

CHAPTER VII

STIRLING, THE TROSSACHS AND FIFE

Stirling. When Falkirk and the wall of Antoninus are left behind, the traveller is at last fairly in Caledonia, the home of those untameable Picts whom the Romans never succeeded in conquering, though they harried them again and again to the best of their ability. From Falkirk northwards ran the solid road constructed by the weary legionaries of Severus I., when that grim old warrior came to make his heroic attempt to solve the "Caledonian Question," and it pointed straight at Stirling which, in 210, as in 1650, was the key of Scotland—"The Bulwark of the North."

Grey Stirling, with her towers and town.
(*Lady of the Lake.*)

Anyone who cares to consult a map will see how it was that whoever held Stirling controlled Scotland. Its associations from the earliest times are those of war and warriors—Agricola, Severus, probably Constantius "Chlorus," and his son Constantine the Great. In later days there came to Stirling, Wallace, Edward I., Robert Bruce, Cromwell, Leslie and Monk, and last of all the handsome, fascinating and unfortunate Stuart, "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

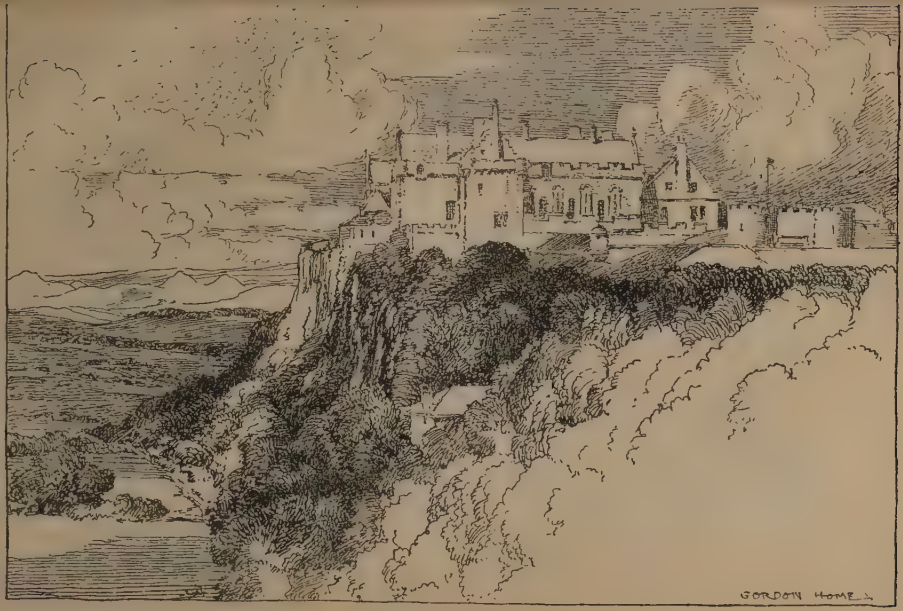
There was probably a fortress of some kind on

Stirling Rock in very early times, and there remains to-day a badly mutilated, but nevertheless authentic, relic of that dim past in the King's Knot, an earthwork which may have been a Royal place of justice. In any case, Stirling is marked out by nature as the strategic centre of Scotland, and in antiquity strategy often decided the siting of a capital. Stirling was the national focus of Scotland under Alexander I., who died there in 1124.

In 1297 William Wallace gained at Stirling his famous victory over De Warenne, Earl of Surrey, though the fight is usually named from Cambuskenneth Abbey, where the Scottish leader had his headquarters. It was captured by Edward I. seven years later after a long siege and retaken by Bruce after the crowning victory of Bannockburn. In the castle were born James II. (1430) and James V. (1512). Mary and James VI. were crowned in the Greyfriars Church. The castle was captured by General Monk in 1651, but in the "Fifteen" and the "Forty-Five" it resisted the efforts which were made to take it.

The castle buildings have most unfortunately been spoiled and desecrated for military purposes, and not very much of romantic atmosphere still lingers about Royal "Snowdoun." The Renaissance palace, built by James V., is largely adapted to the requirements of the soldiery, and both the Chapel and the Parliament House have been modernised and spoiled. A splendid panorama of mountains can be seen from the castle, and the view from the churchyard is even finer.

The Greyfriars Church in the town is one of the



STIRLING CASTLE

It overlooks the field of Bannockburn and was the key fortress of Scotland until the middle of the eighteenth century

most interesting in Scotland. It is more or less divided into two portions, known as the East and West churches. The West church is the nave and, though rebuilt in 1414, contains much work of a far earlier period. The East church was the choir and was built in its present form in 1507 by James Beaton, abbot of Dunfermline, uncle of Cardinal Beaton.

Other buildings to be noted are the curiously elaborate house called Mar's Work and the town-house of the Earls of Argyll, called Argyll's Lodging.

Bannockburn. The far-famed battlefield of Bannockburn lies about two miles south of Stirling. King Robert's headquarters were at St. Ninians. Close to this prosperous little town is the Bore Stone in which the Royal Standard of Scotland was planted on the fateful June 24, 1314, which established, though rather precariously, the independence of Scotland.

The length of the position occupied by the Scots shows that the number of their army must have approached 20,000 men. A much smaller number is not probable. The front line consisted of three solid " schiltrons " (probably oblongs) of pikemen and dismounted gentlemen, with a few archers in the intervals. In the rear were a fourth division and a body of five hundred mounted men-at-arms.

The English were, perhaps, about 30,000 strong, hardly more, probably less. The State papers show that only 23,500 men were called upon for the campaign. To this may, perhaps, be added some thousands of Welsh and Irish. There were about 5000 cavalry and several thousands of

archers. Under Edward I. the army would have been quite equal to its task, but under his son it was hopeless.

The host advanced along the Roman road in nine divisions. It was so much cramped for room by the bogs and clumps of wood which abounded in the neighbourhood, that disorder was rife from the commencement. The knights and men-at-arms simply forced their way to the front and were either tangled in pitfalls or wasted their strength in futile and disconnected charges. When some of the archers worked their way out of the turmoil and opened fire they were easily dispersed by the 500 cavalry of the Scottish reserve under Sir Robert Keith. The stubborn courage of the Englishmen kept them steady for some hours, but at the right moment the Scottish King threw in his reserve and a wild rout ensued, in which no less than 175 barons and knights were slain or captured.

Bridge of Allan. Bridge of Allan is a modern town, celebrated as a tourists' centre and for its mineral waters. There is excellent fishing also in the Allan and a golf course of eighteen holes. From Bridge of Allan the plain, or carse, of Stirling forms a beautiful scene, with the picturesque monument to Wallace standing out boldly on a wooded eminence to the left. In the middle distance appears the sturdy rock of Stirling, and beyond are visible the windings of the Forth.

Dunblane. However peaceful may be the present surroundings, it is impossible in this district to avoid battlefields and memories of battles. Dun-

blane is itself of considerable interest as the seat of one of the oldest Scottish bishoprics, founded by David I. in 1140. The cathedral was built in the thirteenth century and its style, especially in the west front, is a peculiarly pure and chaste Gothic. There are some interesting monuments, including those of Malise, Earl of Strathearn (1277), and his wife, with effigies; Bishop Findlay Dermot (1420), and Bishop Ochiltree (1447). Dunblane is, however, usually remembered for the famous and confusing Battle of Sheriffmuir, fought on November 13, 1715, between 12,000 Jacobites, chiefly Highlanders, led by John, Earl of Mar, and less than 5000 Government troops, under John, Duke of Argyll. The battle was undecisive on the field, but for all practical purposes must be reckoned a Government victory, since the insurgent army abandoned six guns and retreated to Perth, shortly afterwards breaking up.

The scene of the battle is on the western slopes of the Ochil Hills, whose highest point, Ben Cleuch, is 2363 feet above the sea. Down below, the moors end in the cultivated valley of Allan Water, and to the west and north-west are the famous peaks of the land of "Rob Roy" and the Trossachs. Ben Lomond appears against the sunset sky, and to the right of it are the bold outlines of Ben Venue, Ben Ledi, and Ben Vorlich.

Doune. The prettily situated little town of Doune, celebrated by Scott in *The Lady of the Lake*, contains a most interesting relic of mediæval Scotland in its castle, a truly imposing specimen of Scottish baronial architecture. It was built about

J. Valentine

BEN AAN FROM THE TROSSACHS

1390-1400 by that strong but sinister prince, Robert, Duke of Albany, brother of the unfortunate cripple, Robert III. In 1425 it was forfeited to the Crown, after the execution of Albany's son, Murdoch, by James I., and later became the property of the Earls of Moray. It is stately and simple in appearance, having two huge towers and a great hall looking down from a knoll upon the swift current of the Teith. The river is spanned by a stone bridge built in 1535 by Robert Spittal, tailor to Queen Margaret Tudor, wife of James IV.

Readers of Scott will recall that it was beneath the tower of Doune that James V. collected the force which was to curb the rebellious Clan Alpine.

> At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive,
> Two Barons proud their pennons wave.
> I saw the Moray's silver star,
> And marked the sable pale of Mar.

Aberfoyle is the gate of the Trossachs and its position, backed by an amphitheatre of impressive mountains, is exceedingly fine.

The country of the Trossachs is actually confined to the hills between Lochs Vennachar and Katrine, and along the shores of Loch Achray. The entire district from Loch Vennachar on the east to Loch Katrine to the west is, however, associated with the Trossachs and is regarded as belonging to this romantic home of natural beauty.

At the eastern end of Loch Vennachar where the Teith,

> Daughter of three mighty lakes,
> From Vennachar in silver breaks,

is Coilantogle Ford, the scene of the fatal duel

between King James, disguised as Sir James FitzJames of Snowdoun, and Roderick Dhu MacAlpine. Proceeding westward, one passes Lanrick Mead, the muster-place of Clan Alpine, and just beyond is Duncraggan, where Malise gave the Fiery Cross to Angus MacAlpine beside his father's bier. Right ahead the single peak of Ben A'an "heaves high in air."

LOCH KATRINE AND ELLEN'S ISLE

Beyond Duncraggan is Brig o' Turk, crossing Finlas Water which unites Lochs Vennachar and Achray. Turk is the Gaelic Torc (=Curve or Twist). Here it was that King James, having ridden his horse to death and lost his attendants, presently wandered through the defile of the Trossachs beside Loch Achray and so came to Loch Katrine and Ellen's Isle.

Achray is the smallest and perhaps the loveliest of the three lakes. On its northern bank stands the Trossachs Hotel, the recognised centre of exploration. Here it was that Clan Alpine made the tremendous eruption upon the Royal troops, so vividly pictured by Scott. The latter were coming along the northern shore when the Clan, which was lying in ambush in the actual pass of the Trossachs between Achray and Katrine, stormed forth—

> Bearing before them, in their course,
> The remnant of the archer force,
> Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
> Right onward did Clan Alpine come.
> Above the tide, each broadsword bright
> Was brandishing like beam of light,
> Each targe was dark below;
> And with an ocean's mighty swing,
> When heaving with the tempest's wing,
> They hurled them on the foe.

Loch Katrine has unfortunately had its level raised in order to convert it into a reservoir to provide Glasgow with water; the result is that "Ellen's Silver Strand," where the gentle maiden took on board her skiff the stranger who was, unknown to her, the King of Scotland, is now beneath the surface, and no longer delights the eye of the visitor. But Ellen's Isle with its dense cloak of wood survives to thrill the hearts of the lovers of Scott's flowing verse and romantic fancy —a veritable emerald set in a sapphire lake.

. . . . . .

Turning eastward at Stirling, one enters a region

which, in a sense, is the true nucleus of the kingdom of Scotland—the land of Fortrenn, now the counties of Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannan, full of ancient centres of Scottish civilisation and religion.

At Alloa commence the windings of the Forth, called the Links, which enclose large peninsulas of fertile soil, some of the most valuable in Scotland. Hence the couplet:

> A lairdship o' the bonnie links of Forth
> Is better than an earldom in the north.

Sauchie. A little north of Alloa is Sauchie, the scene of the defeat and death of the unhappy James III. in 1488 at the hands of his rebellious barons, with whom was his youthful son James, afterwards King James IV. Though he was an innocent puppet, it is said that the latter never forgave himself for his share in his father's death, always wearing thereafter an iron belt by way of penance.

Culross. On the Firth of Forth, nearly opposite Grangemouth, is Culross, a tiny town, which is, nevertheless, a Royal burgh of the kingdom of Scotland, possessing the ruins of a Cistercian abbey, founded in 1217 and for long one of the most noted religious houses in Scotland.

Charlestown is a very pleasantly situated little village beside the Forth with a wide and attractive prospect over the broad tidal waters and the shores of the Lowlands opposite.

Rosyth is celebrated chiefly for its important naval dockyard. It was the headquarters of the

Battle Cruiser Fleet during the earlier part of the Great War. It was in the Firth of Forth, outside Inchcolm Island, that the German High Seas Fleet surrendered its best ships to Admiral Beatty in November 1918.

Inverkeithing was the scene of a desperate little battle in 1651 between Cromwell's advance-guard under General Lambert and a detachment of the Scottish Royalist army commanded by Sir John Browne. The latter sustained a murderous defeat, losing 3500 men out of 5000. The result was that Cromwell brought the bulk of his army across the Forth from Lothian and, by advancing on Perth, forced Charles II. to abandon his strong position at Stirling. Charles, with the courage of despair, marched southward into England, and a few weeks later (September 3, 1651) the crowning mercy of Worcester saw the end of his doomed army.

Dunfermline, which is situated about four miles north-west of Inverkeithing, is one of the most ancient and famous towns of Scotland. It now produces large quantities of linen goods and has not escaped the changes generally wrought by industrial activity, but it contains in its abbey ruins an impressive relic of its historic past. Judging by its name, Dunfermline was a stronghold of the people of Fortrenn in very early times, and it possessed in the eleventh century a Royal castle in which Malcolm Canmore lived. It was probably Alexander III. who was referred to by Sir Patrick Spens in his oft-quoted lines:

> The king sits in Dunfermline town
> Drinking the blude-red wine.

About 1220 this rude stronghold was superseded by a palace-fortress, which was frequently inhabited by the Scottish monarchs down to the time of Charles II. James I. (of Scotland), Charles I. and his sister Elizabeth, were born within its walls. The monastery was founded by Malcolm Canmore and Queen Margaret in 1075, but only scanty fragments of the domestic portions now survive, as it was destroyed during the savage English devastation of the fourteenth century.

The Norman nave of the abbey church survives, joined on to a building erected in 1818 and restored in 1905, which occupies the site of the mediæval choir. The new building was erected so that the tombs of the Scottish kings from Edgar to Robert I. should be fittingly covered. Most of them are in the north transept, but "Good King Robert" lies beneath a slab of porphyry by the pulpit, and St. Margaret's tomb is outside the east end, where the Lady Chapel formerly stood. The nave is reminiscent of Durham with its massive Romanesque arcades, some of the piers of which are decorated with incised spirals and chevrons.

The cottage in which Andrew Carnegie was born still stands and the town has, through his generosity, been the recipient of a number of very useful public buildings. Portraits by Sir Noel Paton, who was also a native of the town, are hung in the Town Hall.

Dollar consists of two villages, one lying along the road from Alloa to Loch Leven, the other nestling under the peaks of the Fife Lomonds. Between them flows the Dollar Burn, and on the bank of

the burn above the place stands Castle Campbell. It is a stronghold built in the twelfth century on a promontory, in the deep wooded glen, and the walk to it is delightful. The principal remnant is the donjon, which contains the great hall, now divided into two chambers.

The road from Dollar to Rumbling Bridge is full of charm. The bridge was built in 1713, replacing a wooden structure. It crosses the deep ravine, cut for itself by the River Devon, which here flings itself over the rocks in picturesque cascades. In its fall the stream has worn out numerous cavities in its bed, and the stones constantly whirled about by the rushing water produce a curious rumbling sound.

Kinross Junction. Kinross is near the shores of romantic Loch Leven, famous as the prison of Mary, Queen of Scots, and as the home of early Scottish Christianity. The lake is now about eight and a half miles in circumference and is smaller than of yore, the islands being consequently larger. The trout are famous and are conserved by the Loch Leven Angling Association. There are seven islets in the loch of which the largest is that of St. Serf (*i.e.* St. Severus, Bishop of Trier). To this saint a priory was dedicated on the island, it is said, by Bruide III., King of the Picts, in 842. Some remains of the last priory destroyed in the sixteenth century are still to be seen.

The ruins of the castle are on one of the smaller islands, and are said to occupy the site of the stronghold of a Pictish prince named Cougal.

The mediæval fortress which superseded it was granted by Robert III. to the all-powerful Douglases, and rebuilt by them about 1510. There Mary Stuart was imprisoned from July 1567 to May 2, 1568, when she escaped with the aid of George Douglas and his youthful kinsman, commonly known as Little William Douglas.

The owner of the castle, Sir William Douglas, the laird of Loch Leven, performed his task of Mary's jailer with conscientious strictness, and it was only when George, his youngest brother, came under the spell of the Queen's beauty and her pathetic situation that escape became possible. On Sunday, May 2, 1568, Little Douglas, who was a boy of about sixteen years and was still living in the castle, secured the keys of the castle while the family were at supper. Having allowed Mary and her attendant to slip out, he relocked the gates and, while rowing the refugees to the shore, threw the keys into the lake. On landing, Mary was quickly provided with a horse by Lord Seaton and the party of Hamiltons who were in waiting. The defeat at Langside, near Glasgow, followed in a few days, and in a fortnight she was again a prisoner — this time in England, from which country the ill-fated woman was destined never to return.

Glenfarg is in a pass leading from Loch Leven, through the Ochil Hills to Strath Tay. From the northern end there is a fine view of the valley of the Tay and, in clear weather, the view to the east includes the Tay Bridge.

The famous Tay Bridge replaces the frail

structure broken in the great storm of 1879, when thirteen spans in the centre, with a passenger train which was crossing at the moment, were swept away. The present bridge is of enormously greater strength and solidity, and has braved the north-easterly gales for nearly forty years. It was commenced in 1882 and completed five years later.

LOCH LEVEN CASTLE

From which Mary, Queen of Scots, escaped on a Sunday night in 1568

Leuchars, lying at the head of a deep inlet of the sea, just to the north of St. Andrews, is famous for the beautiful remains of its ancient church, probably dating from the twelfth century. The chancel and apse are still perfect, and with Dalmeny, the two buildings constitute the most beautiful specimens of Romanesque architecture in Scotland. At the eastern end is a remarkable round

tower enriched with external Norman arcading, and the chancel arch is elaborately ornamented.

St. Andrews, the ecclesiastical centre of Scotland throughout the Middle Ages, and still a celebrated University, stands on a low plateau a little above sea-level on the coast of Fife. It has been a religious centre since 736, when relics (so-called) of St. Andrew were deposited there in a church built for them. An Augustinian priory was founded in 1120, and the town was created a Royal borough by Malcolm IV. (1153-65). The cathedral was commenced by Bishop Arnold about 1160, but not consecrated until 1318. The west end with its twin towers was built by Bishop Wishart soon after 1271. In 1378 a great fire did much damage, requiring extensive restoration, and it was in the renovated structure that James V. married his second wife, Marie de Lorraine. The portions which survive are the east and west ends, both of which, partly on account of the great space separating them, give a powerful impression of what this famous church must have been in the days of its splendour.

The curious church of St. Regulus, close by the cathedral, is an interesting survival. It was certainly in existence in the eleventh century, and may actually be much older. The tall severe-looking tower reminds one irresistibly of the sixth-century character of Ravenna, and it may have been erected as early as the ninth century. Certainly it has a very archaic appearance, though the arch does not seem to be earlier than the eleventh century.

The castle, built by Bishop Roger upon a small promontory, dates from before 1200. Repaired again and again, it endured until the sixteenth century. King James III. was born there in 1445. After the death of James V. it was held by the famous Cardinal James Beaton, a sturdy Scottish patriot, but also a bigoted Roman Catholic persecutor, who has therefore not always received his due from subsequent writers. On March 1, 1546, he hanged in front of the castle, and afterwards burnt, the famous Protestant preacher, George Wishart. Less than two months later the Protestants took their revenge by seizing the castle and murdering the cardinal. The principal parts remaining are the keep, most of the encircling walls, and an oubliette or bottle-necked dungeon beneath one of the seaward towers. It was there that George Wishart was imprisoned, and, strangely enough, the body of Cardinal Beaton lay there after his murder, packed in salt.

The University was founded in 1414 by Henry Wardlaw, Archbishop of St. Andrews, by virtue of a bull from the anti-Pope Benedict XIII. Wardlaw was aided by Laurence of Lindores, the Dominican Inquisitor into heresies. Both probably had in mind the establishment of a seat of religious learning as a bulwark against heresy. St. Mary's College was founded by Cardinal Beaton in 1537: the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard was formed in 1747. The chapel, which dates from 1435 and was founded by Bishop Kennedy, contains the tomb of the bishop, a work famed for the delicate beauty of its design.

One of the gateways of the town still stands sturdy and squat across the western end of South Street. Although rather severely restored and altered in the middle of last century, it is mainly a work of the fifteenth century, if the arches at the sides and the sculptured reliefs are excepted. The two gates of similar type which were in Market and North Streets have both been swept away.

Another fragment of mediæval St. Andrews is known as the Blackfriars Chapel, and stands in the courtyard of Madras College. This picturesque ruin is all that remains of a monastery which owed its existence to Bishop Wishart, who was one of the chief builders of the cathedral in the thirteenth century. In the eighteenth-century Parish Church is an imposing monument of marble to Archbishop Sharpe, whom the Covenanters murdered on May 3, 1679, when he was driving across Magus Moor to St. Andrews.

Crail, near the exposed point of Fife Ness, has a quaint town hall with a Dutch tower, and an old church with an early cross in its porch. Scattered along the Fife coast are a number of very quaint little towns and villages possessing a good deal of individual attractiveness. There are picturesque harbours and fishing boats, old stone houses with crow-stepped gables and red-tiled roofs, and the beautiful marine scenery of the Forth and the East Lothian shores opposite. The appeal of this coast to visitors during the summer is enhanced by numerous golf courses, and in addition, bathing.

Pittenweem, as its name implies, must once have

Photochrom

ST. ANDREWS CASTLE

Built before 1200. The birthplace of James III. and the scene of the death of Cardinal Beaton

been a Pictish "weem" or semi-subterranean hut-circle. In the Middle Ages it possessed a priory of which a few fragments remain.

St. Monans, the next seaside village, has a fine church dating from 1365. *Elie* has famous golf-links; so has *Largo*, which stands at the head of the bay of the same name. Alexander Selkirk, the buccaneer, the real Robinson Crusoe, was born at this village in 1676. His cottage has been replaced by a house, and in the wall is a statue of Selkirk, which the juvenile visitors to Largo can instantly recognise as Crusoe. Largo was almost certainly a prehistoric centre: in the neighbourhood are several standing stones, and some towers of considerable antiquity. Behind the town, Largo Law rises to 948 feet. It is an extinct volcano, and some of the giant bombs it has discharged in remote ages can still be seen on the shore.

Wemyss. Wemyss Castle is a restored and modernised building. In the fortress which it replaces, Mary, Queen of Scots, first met her future husband Darnley. The Wemyss family trace their descent from Macduff, Earl of Fife, and the ruins of a Macduff stronghold lie on the coast near by.

Kinghorn had a disastrous celebrity in history, for here, in 1286, the Scottish King Alexander III. was killed by a fall from his horse—an event which was the beginning of many woes, both for Scotland and England.

Burntisland is very delightfully situated near the charming little bay of Aberdour. The cliffs are overhung with trees, and the views in all

directions are full of charm. The harbour is commanded by a castle built in 1382. Mary, Queen of Scots, stayed in it, when in 1563 the French poet Châtelard presumed so far upon her courtesy as to hide in her bedroom, an insult twice repeated, for which he not unjustly suffered death.

Falkland lies at the foot of the East Lomond Hill, one of the two peaks commonly known as the Fife Lomonds, which add so much to the outlines of the distant scenery of a large radius from Edinburgh. From the summit there is an immense panoramic expanse embracing the greater part of the Plain or Howe of Fife. The early name of Falkland was Kilgour. The town is dominated by the famous palace built on the site of a twelfth-century castle of the Earls of Fife. By the death of Isabel, the last of the race, the castle passed to Robert, Duke of Albany, brother of King Robert III. It was during his possession of it in 1402 that his nephew, Prince David, Duke of Rothesay, was imprisoned here, and, so popular fame declared, starved to death by his uncle. On the execution of Albany's sons by James I., Falkland fell to the Crown, and was apparently converted into something like a palace by James II. It was a favourite residence of James IV. and was completely restored and enlarged by his son in 1537 for the benefit of his French bride, Marie de Lorraine. Here James V. died broken-hearted, owing to the defeat of Solway Moss. There seems to have been some curious neurotic weakness in the Stuarts which produced failure at critical moments. His widow, his daughter Mary, Mary's

son, James VI., Charles I., and Charles II., all resided at or visited Falkland.

A good deal of the palace is in ruins; little remains of the great hall, and the east wing, ravaged by fire in 1654, is a picturesque ruin with wallflowers growing in the gaps and crevices. The gateway, flanked by imposing round towers, reminiscent of Amboise or the barbican of Chenonceaux, on the Loire, survives in a perfect condition; so also does the west wing. The chapel is still in use, and contains a painted ceiling executed in honour of the visit of Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria in 1633. The main frontage is decorated with statues in niches, buttresses, and many quaint gargoyles. The restoration of the fine old pile was carried out by the late Marquis of Bute who took much pride in the work.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM PERTH TO ABERDEEN AND DEESIDE

Perth gradually ceased to be the Scottish capital after 1437. It is one of the most historic spots in the kingdom, and has, close to it, the famous Scone Palace, from whence Edward I. removed the sacred stone to London six centuries ago.

The position of the town on the Tay, with the Ochil Hills and the Fife Lomonds to the south and the lofty mountains above Glen Almond to the west, is a fine one. Railways and roads branch out in all directions and thus, when one is at Perth, it is easy to get to any part of Scotland with the minimum of trouble. The town has not preserved many buildings belonging to its long history, and apart from St. John's Church, one must be content with the sites of famous events and incidents. That curious treatment Scotland adopted with some of its larger churches has been applied to St. John's, the structure being divided into three distinct portions, called the Middle, East, and West churches. The last mentioned is probably the oldest, although the East church makes some claim to go back to the days of Robert Bruce (died 1329), and was restored in the middle of the fifteenth century. John Knox's flaming words, delivered in the Middle church in 1559—the fateful

day was May 11—were sufficiently inspiriting to the hearers of that famous sermon to cause a perfect orgy of destruction to break forth. Scotland was, as the result, deprived of many of her finest ecclesiastical buildings. Infuriated by Knox's admonitions and urgencies, his followers set out for " the destruction of idolatry," and their furious onslaught caused the most wholesale sweeping away of beautiful architecture which Scotland has ever witnessed. Andrew Lang, writing of this wave of iconoclasm started by Knox, writes:

A curious controversy is constantly revived in this matter. It is urged that Knox's mobs did not destroy the abbey churches of Kelso, Melrose, Dryburgh, Roxburgh, and Coldingham: that was done by Hertford's army. If so, they merely deprived the Knoxian brethren of the pleasures of destruction, which they enjoyed almost everywhere else. The English, if guilty, left at Melrose, Jedburgh, Coldingham, and Kelso, more beautiful remains of mediæval architecture than the Reformers were wont to spare.

To John Knox is due the loss of the Carthusian house, founded at Perth by James I., in which that king, his queen, and Margaret, James IV.'s queen, were buried; the monastery of the Black Friars—which had witnessed the murder of James I. in 1437 by Robert Graham, who, with a small force, caught the king by surprise; the Grey Friars' monastery and, outside the town, a house of Carmelites or White Friars.

Poor Scotland had, indeed, to endure much hard usage during the sixteenth century, and it

is really astonishing that so many interesting buildings and beautiful ruins have come down to the present age.

Gowrie House, the scene of one of the strangest events in the life of James VI., was a picturesque structure showing the influence of the French Renaissance, resembling in this such a large proportion of Scottish castles of the later period. It was pulled down to provide a site for the County Buildings at a time when Perth seems to have been indifferent to the importance of the preservation of its historical monuments. When one recalls the extraordinary nature of the story, and the intense interest associated with the intrigue which nearly led to the assassination of James VI. within its walls, one cannot fail to regret the demolition of the building. The site, however, is sufficient to stir the interest of all who come to Perth in what is known as the Gowrie Conspiracy.

James was leaving his palace at Falkland early on the morning of August 1, 1600, when he was accosted by the Master of Ruthven, who had ridden from his brother the Earl of Gowrie's house at Perth. He informed the King privately that he had, on the previous evening, arrested a man in the possession of a pot of gold, and regarding this as treasure trove, and therefore the King's property, had said nothing to his brother, but had locked the man up with the gold, and was anxious for James to come without delay to deal with the matter. It appears, however, that the King's enthusiasm for sport outweighed his cupidity, for he told the Master of Ruthven that when he

(*From an engraving*)

GOWRIE HOUSE, PERTH—THE SCENE OF THE CONSPIRACY

The drawing shows, on the right, the wing of the house in which the fight occurred

had killed his buck he would ride on to Perth—a distance of a dozen miles. Although Ruthven sent someone to let the Earl know that the King was coming to Gowrie House, when the Royal party arrived they were not expected, and the cook was hard put to it to prepare a meal. Finally, it appears, James sat down to a repast consisting of a shoulder of mutton and a hare followed by strawberries. At the conclusion of the meal, during which Gowrie appears to have shown signs of much nervousness, the King and Ruthven went upstairs, while the rest of the company withdrew to the pleasant gardens sloping down to the Tay and sat there eating strawberries unconcernedly. Meanwhile James had been led to a turret opening from the long gallery. As soon as they were in it, Ruthven locked the door and pointing to a man wearing armour and holding a dagger, told the King that he had him at his will. It appears that the man suddenly lost his nerve and began to tremble, instead of carrying out his part of menacing the King with instant death, if he were to call out. There followed some discussion relative to a promise Ruthven wished to extort from James, and when he appeared to be willing to think over the matter, Ruthven hurried away to fetch his brother, locking the King in the turret chamber with the armed man. When the brothers came to the turret together they tried to bind James, who resisted to his utmost, shouting out, "Treason! Help! Earl of Mar, I am murdered!" There was instantly the greatest confusion and alarm. The Royal followers with

Lennox,[1] the King's cousin, rushed up to the gallery, but were checked by locked doors, and it was only when the staircase turret was tried and the door burst open that James's life was saved. The room was, for a few minutes, a scene of wild confusion, the King's falcon held by a light chain adding to the pandemonium. The man in armour contrived to escape, but both the Earl of Gowrie and his brother were killed on the spot, the first with a rapier thrust by young Ramsay, the King's page, and Ruthven by two of the Royal attendants. The arms and legs of both the brothers were, some three months later, exposed to view on the gates of Perth.

In spite of much evidence given on both sides at the trial which followed, there is still a good deal of mystery associated with the affair. It has been suggested that James had invented the story of the man with the dagger and of the attempt of the Gowries on his life in order to have an opportunity of ridding himself of the heads of a very powerful family.

From as far back as 841, when Kenneth MacAlpine, the first king of the Picts and Scots, was crowned at Scone, Perth appears to have been in existence. The name seems to be a corruption of Birtha or Bertha, which in itself is full of significance in relation to the same name at Carthage, Edessa and Bozra. Can the occurrence of this name imply the existence of a very early race whose settlements stretched from Mesopotamia to Britain?

Whether Scone is older than Perth or otherwise

[1] Ludovick, second Duke, Chamberlain of Scotland.

is hard to discover, for the records of the first do not carry one far back. Early in the twelfth century the abbey was founded by Alexander I., and it endured until blasted by the tempest raised by Knox's sermon in 1559.

The palace of to-day, the seat of the Earls of Mansfield, is a castellated structure of 1802, built upon the foundations and cellars of its mediæval predecessor. The public has to be content with a distant view of the place, but this is really sufficient.

Between Perth and Dundee stretches the Carse of Gowrie, a strip of country of the greatest fertility which used to be known as the granary of Scotland. Modern conditions have made it an uneconomic proposition to grow corn in the Carse at the present day, with the result that arable land has largely given place to pasture. This country is the home of the Hays, who have for centuries held the office of hereditary High Constable of Scotland. The Earldoms of Errol, Kinnoull and Tweeddale all originate with this family. A legend, based probably on little more than old wives' repetition, tells how the founder of the family with the help only of his sons turned the tide of a battle against Danish raiders at Luncarty, armed with no better weapons than the yokes of their plough-oxen. The king at the time (said to be 990) ennobled the doughty yeoman and granted him such land as could be covered by a greyhound's course or a falcon's flight. He preferred the possibilities offered by the falcon, and the bird appears to have reached the confines of Errol parish before settling.

Dundee is one of the four largest cities in Scotland, and the only element of romance now associated with it is that of fortune building in the jute market. The walls at one time encircling the town have disappeared, save for an arch in Cowgate Port, a relic of the picturesque days before factories and steam.

In 1645 James Graham, Marquis of Montrose —"the Great Marquis"—performed a feat of extraordinary skill in coming so suddenly upon the town that its defenders, who were on the Covenanting side, surrendered after very little resistance. Those of the Royalist army who were not plundering were enjoying the conviviality of Dundee's taverns, when the news of the arrival in the immediate vicinity of a force of about 4000 Covenanters obliged Montrose instantly to collect his exhausted men—a task of enormous difficulty—and escape into the mountains by forced marches. The withdrawal under the most difficult conditions was almost a more brilliant feat than the taking of the town.

Almost due east of Dundee, about a dozen miles from the shore, is the Inchcape Rock, which Southey's poem has invested with a glamour felt by the majority of English-speaking people.

Instead of the tolling of the Abbot of Aberbrothock's[1] bell, the brilliant beams of a modern lighthouse now warn ships from the dangers of the reef.

At Carnoustie one is in a central position on the coast line between Dundee and Arbroath,

[1] Arbroath.

which has become famous for its pleasant watering places. The golf courses, as on nearly all the eastern coast of Scotland, are possessed of varying degrees of fame and draw to them every year great numbers of devotees of the patience-testing and most healthful of games.

Arbroath still possesses the beautiful ruins of its stately abbey, built of red sandstone and dedicated to the martyred St. Thomas of Canterbury, whose murder had taken place only a few years before William the Lion founded the monastery in the latter part of the twelfth century. The Royal founder was buried in the abbey, where his tomb has survived. The stately monastery was sacked by the mob in 1543 at the inspiration of the Protestant preacher, George Wishart, who was afterwards hanged and burnt at St. Andrews.[1]

Lunan. There are few more attractive inlets on the eastern shores of Scotland than Lunan Bay. It is hemmed in by a low amphitheatre of cliffs, and when the tide is low, the waves break on a broad sweep of bright sun-bathed sand. There are no modern buildings to disturb the serenity of the landscape, and the country adjoining the bay has a wild and untamed appearance in keeping with the whole atmosphere of the spot. Almost does one obtain that delicious sense of being the first to discover Lunan since the days when the last defenders of the Red Castle fell before the claymores of some fierce Highland onslaught. There is very little left of the stronghold to-day, for it was sacked in 1579 (the year of the struggle be-

[1] See p. 99.

tween the Stuarts and the Hamiltons to gain the guardianship of James VI.), and the sky was reddened with the blaze from the fire which consumed it, leaving the place a ruin.

Glamis. The famous castle of Glamis, the scene, according to a not-altogether-reliable tradition of the death of the aged Malcolm II. in 1034, has been prominent in the public eye since the marriage of the Duke of York with a daughter of Lord Strathmore. It is an exceedingly picturesque structure of the typical Scottish baronial type, with pepper-box turrets built out upon the angles of the walls which are of such exceptional strength that they contain in their thickness various small rooms and secret staircases. These gave rise, no doubt, to the fantastic tale so often retold with embellishments concerning members of the family who have had to be hidden in one of the secret chambers. The story is one of those ancient fables which belong to the days when the most amazing things were easily accepted. One recalls that the burning of witches in Scotland was continued until a very late period.

In about 1606 the wings were added to the high central part of the castle, and Inigo Jones is in some degree responsible for their design. A coat worn by Claverhouse, and also his portrait by Lely are, with the collection of arms and armour, among the most interesting objects of the interior.

Coupar Angus is in the country of Macbeth, for Dunsinane Hill rises among the Sidlaw Hills only five miles to the south. On this conspicuous height

stood, in the eleventh century, the castle of Macbeth. After killing King Duncan, from the Celtic point of view a usurper, Macbeth, whose wife was a direct descendant of Kenneth MacAlpine, became king of Scotland in right of his stepson, Lulach, and reigned successfully with him for fifteen years. By the defeat of Dunsinane, when Birnam Wood is supposed to have come against him, according to the prophecy of the witches, Macbeth lost Scone and the south, but for another two years continued to reign in the north until he was slain at Lumphanan in Deeside, but even then Lulach and the house of Murray continued the struggle for many years.

Shakespeare gives the incident of the moving wood in the form of a dialogue between Macbeth and a messenger:

Messenger. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macbeth. Well, say, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and, anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar, and slave!
[*Striking him.*
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so;
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
. . . . . .
. . ." Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane";—and now a wood

J. Valentine

DUNOTTAR CASTLE

It was besieged during the Great Civil War, when the Regalia of Scotland had been sent there for safety

Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

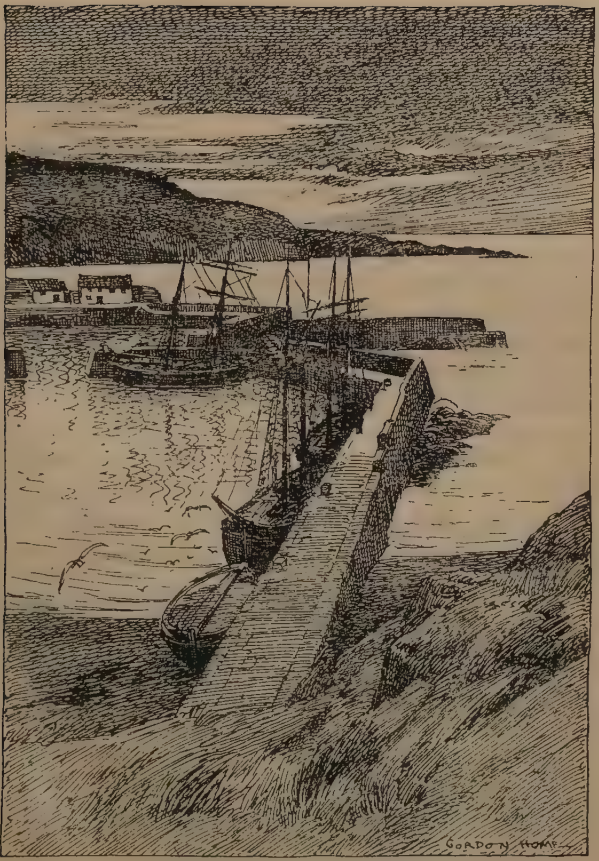
At the foot of Glen Isla is Airlie Castle, the successor to the building sacked in 1640. Near it there is a feature of great interest. It is a weem or excavated Pictish house of more than archæological interest, for it was this particular example of such an early type of house which was mentioned by Scott in *The Antiquary*.

Bervie. The coast of Kincardineshire is bold and impressive, and from Bervie the vertical cliffs are continued for some distance. The fishing village is perched high above the sea, and is full of colour with picturesque backgrounds across the bay.

Stonehaven. Further north the splendid cliffs are deeply indented and, if a smooth day be chosen, one can explore their recesses in safety in a small boat. There are narrow entrances through which, with skill, a boat can be taken until, in the most awesome darkness, great subterranean lakes are entered. The depth of the water is often profound, and the distant sound of unseen eddies and wavelets grinding a shelf of shingle gives a feeling of immensity which makes these caverns worthy of the attention of a Shelley or a Dante. What must be the state of affairs in these chasms when an easterly gale is blowing, one can only imagine,

for they are quite unapproachable in such weather and are invisible from the land.

A little to the south of Stonehaven is a huge tabular mass of rock which since the end of the fourteenth century has been crowned by Dunottar Castle built by Sir William Keith. At an earlier period the site, so eminently suited for defence, was chosen for a church, and, when Keith dared to put up a tower there, he was promptly excommunicated, only putting himself straight with the great institution which had custody of the keys of Paradise by building another church in a less awkwardly-placed position. Sir William's keep still endures the battering of Scottish winters, and the whole ruin is exceedingly picturesque. No doubt, owing to its exceptionally strong position—a repetition on a larger scale of Fast Castle—the regalia of Scotland was sent to Dunottar during the Great Civil War. While it was there, late in 1651, an English force, detached from Monk's army, invested the castle until the governor surrendered through lack of food. It was then found that the regalia was not there. The governor, George Ogilvy of Barras, was imprisoned, and even tortured, in order to force him to give information as to what had been done with this much hoped-for plunder. Similar harsh treatment was given to his wife, who had played an active part in getting the regalia out of the castle, but neither divulged the secret. What had happened is told by Sir Walter Scott in *The Tales of a Grandfather*. Mrs. Granger, the wife of the minister of Kinneff, obtained permission to take away from Dunottar



STONEHAVEN HARBOUR

some bundles of lint which, she informed the English officer, were her property. In the bundles she contrived to conceal the precious insignia of the realm and, with the most remarkable temerity, went boldly through the enemy's camp, the officer in command assisting her to mount her horse when she left. Safely arrived at Kinneff, the regalia was buried by the minister under his pulpit.

The little port of Stonehaven lies beneath steep grassy slopes to the south of the solidly-built town, and like so many of the sea-faring places on the east coast has a quaint charm which appeals to those who seek the unsophisticated spots free from self-conscious appeals to the patronage of the outside world.

Inland is the heathery glen of Urie with its charming woods made musical by the waters of the Cowie Water as they tumble and slide among great moss-grown boulders and broad ledges of rock. A road traverses this valley and in the midst of fine mountain scenery goes through to Banchory in Deeside.

Aberdeen, the great port of northern Scotland, is a busy grey city so changed from its character in the eighteenth century that the few old corners still to be seen in the midst of its modern streets appear to belong to another world.

Most notable among the survivals of old Aberdeen is St. Machar's Cathedral, greatly shrunk from its original dimensions, having lost its central tower and its choir. It was left in a ruinous state by the Covenanters, and Cromwell's forces, in need of materials for a temporary fort, used the ruined east end for their supply of stone. Scarcely half

J. Valentine

THE BRIG O' BALGOWNIE, ABERDEEN

a mile to the north is the mediæval bridge, consisting of a graceful single span across the Don, and known as the Brig o' Balgownie. It is generally supposed to have been built by, or in the days of, Robert Bruce.

St. Nicholas's Church consists of a Romanesque central portion linking the East and West churches. There is in the first an interesting crypt, and the West church contains some very curious old tapestries and a gloomy-looking pulpit and galleries of massive joinery. Part of the Old Tolbooth is still standing, and the very attractive market cross dates as far back as 1686. These features are, however, considered, I believe, by all good Aberdonians to be of small account in comparison with the colleges. King's College goes back as far as 1495, when it was founded by Bishop Elphinstone. One only has to call to mind the exceeding primitiveness of the conditions of life in the Highlands to realise the immense importance of this new centre of civilising influences. Apart from a few poor little towns strung along the east coast, from Perth to Inverness, Scotland, north of the Forth, at that time was populated by tribal clans living in scattered collections of single-storey stone shielings. There are many of them still in use, and great numbers in a state of increasing ruin. Even to this day the tradition of building with one storey only is so strong in the minds of the Highlanders that, unless a house is very much above the average, it will be built on the same primitive model with only the addition of dormers in the roof to light the low-pitched bedrooms.

Of the old King's College there remain to-day the tower, supporting a fine example of the crown spire, which was rebuilt after the fall of the previous one during a storm in 1633, and the chapel still possessing its original stalls and screen—miraculously spared by the destroying hands of John Knox's followers.

Through a great fire in the seventeenth century and successive rebuildings, Marischal College has lost all its original buildings belonging to the suppressed monastery of the Grey Friars. It was George Keith, the hereditary Earl Marischal, who, in 1593, converted the conventual buildings into a college. In the main entrance is a stone from one of the old buildings bearing the motto of the Marischals:

"THAY HAIF SAID; QUHAT SAY THAY; LAT THAME SAY."

Deeside. Westward from the granite-built city extends the long valley leading to the heart of the Grampians, which derives its name from the River Dee. There is in the scenery very little of the typical ruggedness of the Highlands found in the western half of Scotland, and even when the great precipices of Lochnagar frown above Ballater, they are sufficiently in the background to leave the landscape free from any suggestion of that grim sternness characteristic of so many of the glens and passes further west. From the green open country near the sea, the valley, rising in easy slopes to rounded hills, becomes increasingly wild all the way to the little town of Ballater, where the railway ends. From that point, one has

ABOVE BRAEMAR—THE CAIRNGORMS IN THE DISTANCE

to depend on roads, and if one wishes to continue eastward from Braemar into the very most secret recesses of the mountains, there are soon no roads and only the sketchiest of tracks thread their way among the great summits of the Cairngorm group.

To anyone who has come away from the exigent life of a large city, with its variety of mechanical noises and vibrations, its smokiness and its crowded streets, it is a wonderful sensation to arrive at Ballater in the dusk, and to be soothed to sleep by that most delicious of sounds, the washing and splashing of a river on its rocky bed. When daylight brings back consciousness, instead of houses opposite one's window, there is a shadowy tree-grown ascent of rock topped by the crisp morning sunshine in which the northern side of the valley is bathed until a passing cloud brings a broad belt of shadow across the myrtle-green plantations; and the ever-youthful Dee is still pouring its waters over its boulder-strewn bed, laughing and chuckling in the very joy of living, and of being busily employed in its age-long enterprise of finding its way to manhood in the broad expanse of the North Sea.

The higher one goes up Deeside, the more beautiful is the scenery. Cultivation disappears, woods of larch and fir and the far more beautiful silver birch come down to the roadside, while moss-covered roots add a rich tone to the varied shades of the foliage.

Perched on the river bank is the severe-looking Abergeldie Castle, a simple little semi-fortified house, where King Edward VII. used to stay when

he was Prince of Wales. A little higher up the valley is Crathie Church, a smaller and attractive cruciform building of stone and red tiles, built in 1893, when Queen Victoria laid the foundation stone. The old church is now an ivy-draped ruin.

The road beyond Crathie is bordered by fir

LOCHNAGAR FROM DEESIDE

plantations, and only glimpses of the turrets of Balmoral Castle can be obtained. The central tower, familiar to all the world through pictures, engravings and photographs, shows above dark masses of larch and spruce and fir, and one gets an impression that the great Royal shooting-box is almost as buried in a forest as that of the palace of the "Sleeping Beauty." It was as long ago as

1854 that Prince Albert, with the aid of an architect from Aberdeen, designed the rather clumsy structure in gleaming granite, which seems to be indifferent to the action of the weather on its surface. Before the castle was built, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert occupied the old castle. In a letter dated "Balmoral Castle, 13th September, 1848," the Queen wrote:

This house is small, but pretty, and though the hills seen from the windows are not *so* fine, the scenery all around is the finest almost I have seen anywhere. It is very wild and solitary and yet cheerful and *beautifully wooded*, with the River Dee running between the two sides of the hills. Lochnagar is the highest hill in the immediate vicinity, and belongs to us. . . . There is a deer-forest—many roe deer, and on the opposite hill (which does not belong to us) grouse. There is also black cock and ptarmigan. Albert has, however, no luck this year, and has in vain been after the deer, though they are continually seen, and often close by the house. The children are very well, and enjoying themselves much. The boys always wear their Highland dress.

When the new Balmoral was ready, the Queen was highly pre-occupied with the Crimean War. But on September 7, 1855, the Royal family paid their first visit to the existing castle, although it was not then finished. The Queen was enchanted and wrote: "The house is charming, the rooms delightful, the furniture, papers, everything, perfection." From the descriptions of later and more critical writers, one gathers that the Queen's enthusiastic praise included tartan carpets, and a

variety of incongruous designs and colours such as only the middle of the Victorian Age could accept with a calm mind.

BRAEMAR CASTLE

Situated a hundred feet higher than Buxton, Braemar's elevation of 1100 feet places it above nearly every other inhabited site in Great Britain. It is hemmed in by steep wooded slopes, but at a point a little above the village there is a gap

through which one gets a view of the big group of Ben Macdhui and Cairngorm and its lofty neighbours. In winter and spring, when these are snow-clad, the scene is almost Alpine.

It was in the summer of 1881, during a visit to Braemar, that R. L. S. wrote *Treasure Island*. The house in which he was staying is now marked with a tablet.

The spot by the picturesque old castle of Braemar, where the Highland gathering takes place every autumn, is a smooth piece of grass by the banks of the river. The castle goes back no earlier than 1628, when it was built by the then Earl of Mar, and the embattled wall surrounding the turreted pile was an addition made after the '45.

In many directions from Braemar those who know the joys of a ramble among mountains find the romantic solitudes they love. The ascent to the crater-like cliffs of Lochnagar is easy from the Balmoral side, and there are many other heights to climb from whence great panoramas of mountains are spread out, giving one the impression that this part of Scotland is still as untamed as in the days when Severus came to the uttermost parts of Britain.

CHAPTER IX

ABERDEENSHIRE AND THE COAST TO INVERNESS

THE great shoulder of Scotland which projects into the North Sea and is called Aberdeenshire has a fine coast line, and is thickly sown with historical associations. There are still many ancient buildings belonging to the savage days of clan warfare, and the bloody happenings which redden the pages of the history of this, as of so many parts of Scotland. The valley of the Don cannot claim any mountainous grandeur in its lower portions, but beyond Kintore the country becomes more noticeably beautiful, with heathery hill slopes varied by woods.

Monymusk is the centre or capital of two famous Highland clans, the Frasers and the MacPhersons of Cluny, and in the vicinity, amid beautiful surroundings, are three of these seats, Castle Fraser, Castle Cluny and Monymusk House. The first was built about 1516, and is said to rank with Glamis and Fyvie as one of the three finest baronial castles in Scotland. Its principal feature is the massive round tower 100 feet in height. There is a considerable amount of enrichment of the massive walls, including many quaintly carved gargoyles. The other two mansions have been modernised, and do not possess the antiquarian interest of Castle Fraser.

The country beyond Monymusk becomes more and more picturesque, the hill slopes being clothed with dark green fir woods as far as the green amphitheatre of Alford.

Alford is a pleasant little fishing centre on the beautiful Don, which is joined here by two tributaries, the Bucket and Leochel. As usual, one is among castles. The ruins of Balfluig, a tall tower once held by the Forbes, are near, and also those of Terpersie Castle. At Alford, on July 2, 1645, Montrose with his redoubtable lieutenant, Alastair MacDonald Colkitto, gained one of his brilliant victories over the Covenanting troops, under Lieutenant-General Baillie.

The country north of Aberdeen is that formerly known as Buchan which, in the thirteenth century, was the home of the great family of Comyn.

Logierieve. About five miles west is Tolquhon Castle, a seat of the Earls of Aberdeen, built in 1584-9 by William Forbes. Udny Castle, about two miles distant, has been modernised, but incorporates an ancient keep, the building of which, as the story goes, ruined three lairds of Udny in succession.

A little beyond Logierieve, in bare and treeless country, is the mouth of the Ythan, a river celebrated for mussel pearls.

Ellon, on the Ythan at the head of its long estuary, is prettily situated in the midst of a quite well-wooded piece of country, affording a pleasant contrast to treeless Buchan. Fishing is free as far as tidal limits. Near the modern castle is the ivy-clad tower of the old stronghold.

Cruden Bay is a small watering-place, principally known for its golf links. The name is a modernisation of Cruj Danes, the place being famous for a defeat of that piratical nation by King Malcolm II.

The Bullers of Buchan. About two miles to the north are the famous Bullers of Buchan. They form a huge natural cauldron into which the sea pours through an arch of rock. The awe-inspiring nature of the spectacle has been placed on record by two such masters of the English language as Johnson and Scott. The scenery along this portion of the coast is especially fine with its fringe of jagged rocks which ceaselessly fret the sea.

Peterhead is an important port busily engaged in the herring fishery, and also in boat-building, and has two harbours united by a canal. The town was long associated with the famous family of Keith; the site of their stronghold is occupied by the coastguard station. In the town is the old Tolbooth, in front of which is a bronze statue to the memory of one of the most famous of the name, Field-Marshal George Keith, who, exiled on account of his share in the '15, entered the service of Prussia and fell heroically at the battle of Hochkirchen in 1758, endeavouring to retrieve the blunders of that overrated commander, Frederick the Great.

Arnage. Some four miles to the west of Arnage is Haddo House, the seat of the Earl of Aberdeen. The house itself is not historically interesting, but the park is beautified by two large lakes, and some magnificent trees.

Old Deer is a charming little village, about eight miles from Peterhead, historically interesting as having been the centre of the ancient district of Dear or Deir, concerning which the *Book of Deer* was written. This interesting little volume is a grant by David I. to the priests of Deir, with which are bound up the Gospel of St. John and sundry other Scriptural fragments.

Strichen, nearly half-way from Deer to Fraserburgh, is a village of some size dominated by the Hill of Mormond, 769 feet in height. It is a commanding rounded bluff with a huge outline of a horse cut on one slope, and that of a stag on the other. On the top is a ruined shooting lodge with an inscribed stone:

> In this Hunter's Lodge
> Rob Crib commands.

Rob Crib was a Court jester of Charles II., and when once the "Merry Monarch" asked him why he (Rob) served him, the jester replied, "For stark love and kindness"—which was certainly remarkable, especially as Charles had a kingly habit of never paying his servants, their wages going into the pockets of various ladies of the Court. So Rob Crib's fidelity is worthy of record.

Rathen. Near Rathen are the ruins of Cairnbulg Castle, and also of Inverallochy, once a stronghold of the Comyns.

Fraserburgh was originally the Pictish village of Faithlie. In 1576, Alexander Fraser built a castle on Kinnaird Head, and the village expanded into a town which is to-day a great fishing centre. The

square keep of Fraser's Castle is now used as a lighthouse, and there are a few fragments of its original carving in the interior. Near by is the Wine Tower, a small ruin without entrance, except on the upper storey, built over a cave called Selch's Hole.

Some writers think that Kinnaird Head was the extreme end of the Isle of Britain, to which the Roman Emperor, Severus I., penetrated in 210. This is rather doubtful, because from Kinnaird Head in fine weather the coast of Sutherland can be seen.

Near Fraserburgh are the remains of Pitullie and Pitsligo Castles; the latter dates in its oldest part from 1424. At Aberdour Bay are the ruins of yet another castle of the Comyns, whose name appears everywhere in this region. After Aberdour the road is almost impassable, scrambling up and down almost precipitous slopes. Compensation for fatigue is to be found in the rugged coast scenery. Near Pitsligo, in caves and other hiding-places, lived for several years after 1745 the last Lord Pitsligo, one of the unfortunate adherents of Prince Charles Edward.

Banff and *Macduff* lie opposite to each other at the mouth of the Deveron, a fine salmon and trout stream running in a beautiful valley.

Macduff was re-named in 1783 by the second Earl of Fife, who procured for the fishing village of Doune a Royal Charter from George III. creating it a burgh. It scrambles along the steep side of the hill of Doune, and on the eastern side there is splendid cliff scenery commanding picturesque views of the sea, dotted with brown-sailed

fishing boats. Banff is much more ancient as a burgh than Macduff. It was an important place as far back as the twelfth century, and was visited twice by Edward I. during his conquest of Scotland. Mary, Queen of Scots, also stayed there on her campaign against the Gordons.

The estuary of the Deveron is so dangerous by reason of shifting sands, that there is no railway bridge connecting the two towns. The present road bridge dates from 1779, its predecessor having been carried away by floods.

King Edward. Near King Edward station are the remains of the castle of Kin-Edar, a name which has been corrupted into King Edward. The castle was probably destroyed by Robert Bruce about 1312, when he burned Buchan and destroyed the very name of Comyn.

Fyvie. About seven miles from Turriff is Fyvie Castle, considered one of the noblest and most beautiful specimens of the style of architecture which the Scottish barons obtained from France. It forms two sides of a quadrangle with seven great cylindrical towers, three of which are modern. The Preston tower is the oldest; it was built by Sir Harry Preston in 1400. The greater part of the castle was the achievement of Alexander Seton, Lord Fyvie, about 1600–3.

Four miles east of Fyvie, up the valley of the Ythan, are the ruins of the Castle of Gight in a beautiful situation among woods overlooking the winding river. Its principal interest is that it was once the property of Catherine Gordon, afterwards Lady Byron, mother of the poet.

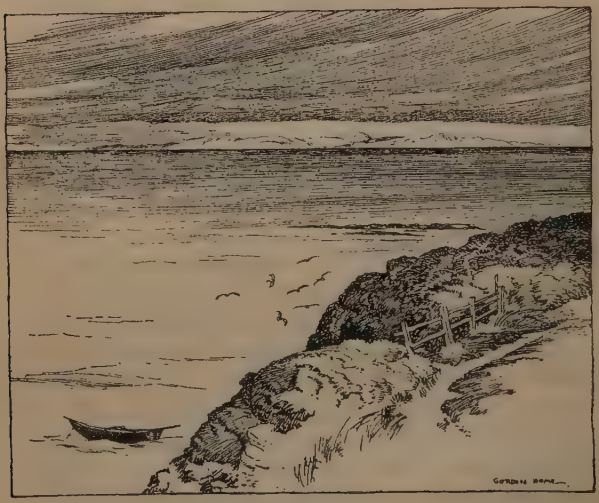
Auchterless. Half-way between Turriff and Fyvie is Towie-Barclay Castle, once the seat of the Barclays of Towie, or, as it is sometimes written, Tolly. The date on the dedication stone over the door commemorates Sir Alexander Barclay of Tolly, the founder of the race, who died in 1136. The castle keep was built in 1593, and contains a fine dining-hall with a groined roof, ornamented with carved bosses. The Barclays adventured abroad like many other Scottish families, and one branch settled in Livonia. From this branch descended Prince Michael Barclay de Tolly, the famous Russian Field-Marshal of the Napoleonic era.

South of Fyvie the country rises into high uplands, bare, open, and wind-swept.

Inverurie, a pleasant village, stretches along the road where the Urie joins the Don. About three miles to the northward is the famous battlefield of the Red Harlaw, fought in 1411 between Donald MacDonald, Lord of the Isles, and the Lowland forces under Alexander Stewart, Earl of Mar. Donald openly claimed the Earldom of Ross, but some historians consider that he hoped to establish the domination of the Highlands over all Scotland.

Huntly. In the centre of the valley is Huntly—the Gordon capital. The ruins of the castle are the chief feature of the town. It was originally the stronghold of the Comyns; when the Gordons took possession its name was changed to Huntly. The fourth Earl of Huntly incurred, for reasons unknown, the resentment of Mary, Queen of Scots. He was defeated and killed, and Huntly Castle

was sacked. His eldest son was executed and it was the second son, George, first Marquess of Huntly, who succeeded to the title and restored the castle. Even in its ruin the building is a monument of his fine taste. The range of oriel



DISTANT VIEW OF THE CAITHNESS MOUNTAINS
From near Buckie

windows is said, by Sir James Leith-Hay, to be unique in Scotland.

Cullen is a fishing village from which there is a splendid view across the Moray Firth to the mountainous coast of Sutherlandshire. In the church there is a fine tomb to Ogilvy of Findlater. Queen Mary Bruce died here and, according to

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THE GULLY, PORTKNOCKIE, NEAR CULLEN

Typical of the picturesque Banffshire coast

the practice of those days, her intestines were buried in the church.

The whole coast line from Banff westward is fringed with reefs and half-submerged rocks. Inland the countryside is breezy, pleasant, and well cultivated, the horizon formed by distant mountains. The road runs away from the shore line, and passes inland to avoid the mouth of the Spey.

Fochabers lies at the head of the estuary of the Spey: it is a very pretty village, owing its attractive appearance to the care of it taken by the Dukes of Richmond and Gordon. Close by is Gordon Castle, the principal Scottish seat of the family. It consists of long wings, built on to a keep 84 feet high, which was the original stronghold standing on a knoll in the midst of a bog. In the castle are many interesting relics, including the sporran of Prince Charles Edward, and a heavy mahogany money-chest carried during his meteoric campaign of 1745-6. There is also a magnificent inlaid backgammon-board used by Mary, Queen of Scots.

The Spey is here spanned by a stone bridge, and the estuary forms a most attractive picture with its intensely azure water flowing seaward between banks of shingle and white stone, overhung here and there by red crags. The Spey is one of the remarkable rivers of Great Britain, for although some ninety miles long, it is not navigable along any part of its course. It is celebrated for its salmon and trout. The beauty of the scenery in most parts of its valley is remarkable, the " thundering Spey " rolling its swift and deep

torrent through narrow defiles, generally thickly wooded and backed by swelling hills and lofty mountains. The scenery is nowhere finer than about Craigellachie, Aberlour and Carron, where there is a notable view of Ben Rinnes (2755 feet).

Craigellachie. The centre for this part of the valley is Craigellachie, where there is a great crag from which the place is named. This cliff rises sheer from the black waters of the Spey, which swirls and surges at its foot.

From Craigellachie to Elgin, the road through Rothes is also extremely beautiful, rising and falling as far as Longmorn, often passing by extensive larch woods which clothe the lower slopes of the hills. After Longmorn, the landscape becomes open and pastoral and so continues to Elgin.

Elgin is a particularly attractive and well-kept town, remarkable for the ruins of its beautiful cathedral, and a number of old houses in its main street which still preserve stone arcading. The abbey was founded in 1224 during the reign of Alexander II. by Andrew Bishop of Moray, damaged by fire about 1270, but rebuilt only to be completely devastated by King Robert III.'s savage brother, Alexander, called " The Wolf of Badenoch." The King forced his disreputable brother to commence repairing the ruin which he had wrought, but the rebuilding was not completed until nearly the end of the fifteenth century. It was in the form of a Jerusalem cross, and had five towers, two at each end and one at the intersection of nave and transepts crowned by a spire. This fell in 1506, but

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ELGIN CATHEDRAL LOOKING TOWARDS THE CHOIR

On the left is the Chapter House, and in the centre are the bases of the columns of the south side of the nave

was rebuilt by 1538. Thirty years later came the beginning of the end, when the Regent Moray stripped the cathedral of its lead roofing and sold the metal. In 1640 the bigoted Covenanting nobles completed the destruction of the interior. For nearly two centuries the beautiful building was slowly demolished by local barbarians until, in 1820, the ruins came under the care of the Crown.

The only complete part remaining is the chapter house. It has an especially beautiful central column, concerning which a story is told resembling that of the Prentice's Pillar at Roslin Chapel.

King Duncan, slain by Macbeth, is said to be buried in the cathedral, and the St. Mary's aisle is full of tombs of the House of Gordon.

Other memorials of the past are the ruins of the bishops' house; the water-gate usually called Pans Gate, the only surviving fragment of the mediæval college, and the little cross, where the "Wolf" is said to have made a public profession of repentance for the ruin which he had wrought.

The original seat of the bishopric was at Spynie, three miles to the north-east, where there are imposing remains of the bishops' castle, which was inhabited by them down to the Reformation.

Forres is a pleasant stone-built town with trees breaking the uniformity of dwellings and streets in a picturesque manner not to be seen in Buchan. To the east of the town is Sweno's Stone, a pillar twenty-three feet high, elaborately carved with figures and Runic knotting. It is said to have been set up by Sweyn Estrithson, King of Den-

mark, to celebrate a victorious raid, but another account will have it that it commemorates a victory of the Scots over him. It is certainly a memorial of the time when this part of Scotland was almost a Danish dependency. North-east of Forres, between Kinloss and Findhorn, is a fine golf course nearly three miles long.

Nairn itself is a pleasant and popular seaside resort. Two miles to the east is Auldearn, the field of one of those smashing victories of Montrose and his lieutenant Colkitto over the Covenanters in 1645. Five miles south-west is Cawdor Castle, built on the site of a stronghold of Macbeth. The principal tower is of the fifteenth century; the rest is mainly of the seventeenth. The principal apartments contain much beautiful tapestry and there is a remarkable view from the battlements.

From Nairn to Inverness is about fifteen miles along the coast, passing across the wide desolate moor of Drummossie, known as the field of Culloden, where the Scottish Jacobites fought their last battle against the Government forces under Prince William, Duke of Cumberland. The battle was fought on April 15, 1746. Prince Charles was posted across the road from Nairn to Inverness, barring the march of Cumberland upon the latter place. His right rested upon the Nairn water and a park wall. Of 10,000 men or more on his muster-rolls, only about 6000 were present—Highlanders, Lowlanders, and Franco-Irish auxiliaries, with twelve or sixteen badly-served guns. Worse still, the men were almost starved and exhausted by a futile night march carried out in the hope of

surprising Cumberland in his camp. The correct course, it would seem, would have been to fall back on Inverness, where supplies were being collected, and where the detached troops could rejoin. Cumberland, on his side, was stubbornly determined to get at his enemy and fight. So his army came on to the field after a nine miles' march without food, and Cumberland was so thoroughly determined not to let his enemy escape unfought with, that he would not give his men time to get their breakfasts. They were, however, in far better condition than the half-starved Highlanders. Cumberland had about 7000 infantry, 1000 cavalry, and 600 Campbells—nearly 9000 men in all, with eighteen guns. Still, many of them were the defeated units of Falkirk, and no less a person than James Wolfe, then a captain, thought that his Royal master acted very rashly in attacking the formidable Highlanders.

In the Jacobite army the flower of the clans was in the front line. The Murrays were on the right, with the Camerons next to them. In the centre stood the MacLeans, MacIntoshes, Frasers, Stewarts of Appin, MacLachlans, and Farquharsons, while the left was held by the MacDonalds of Clanranald, Glengarry, and Keppoch. The second line comprised various Highland and Lowland regiments, with the French auxiliaries and the small body of worn-out cavalry. To complete their misery a snow shower raged during the battle, driving in the face of the Jacobites. Prince Charles, in tartan trews and jack-boots, was on horseback at the head of the second line.

As soon as Cumberland's line was formed, his guns opened fire, and to their steady and effective fire the Jacobite artillery made a feeble and ill-directed reply. Not until the fighting clans in the front line had suffered heavy losses did Lord George Murray receive the order to charge.

The armies did not face each other on parallel points, but obliquely, so that the Prince's left and Cumberland's right were separated by a considerable interval, while on the opposite flank the antagonists were much closer together. Consequently, the MacDonalds had a greater distance to traverse, and were still some way to the rear when the Camerons, MacIntoshes, MacLeans and others flung themselves with sword and target on Cumberland's front line, smashed through the Scots Fusiliers and Barrell's Regiment, cut down 200 officers and men, took two guns and went on against the second line, to be scathed by a tremendous volley fired by Sempill's Regiment. The MacDonalds as they came forward were blown to pieces by the fire of seven English guns. MacDonald of Keppoch was killed; nevertheless the clansmen got to within a hundred yards of the English line, which was pouring in a furious fire of muskets and artillery, while Colonel Kingston wheeled forward his squadrons to take them in flank. The right and centre, checked by Sempill's murderous fire, were wavering, when the Campbells broke through the park wall on their flank and made a passage for Hawley's dragoons. Thereupon the whole first line gave way and fell back on the second. Prince Charles in vain endeavoured

to rally the broken remnants of the clans, and when the English advanced, the second line broke and retreated, some scattering; while here and there they kept together in ordered masses, which were never broken.

The truth seems to be that Culloden need not have been the death-blow of the Jacobite cause. The loss of the defeated army was about 1000 men —not a very fatal gap in a force which counted some 10,000 with all its detachments, most of whom rejoined after the battle. The real blow dealt was to the confidence of Prince Charles, who lost hope and never rejoined his followers.

The setting of this last scene of militant Jacobitism is worthy of its importance. The moor stretches away to the sea on the north, and to the Monadh Liath Mountains on the south, wild and sullen, broken only by plantations which did not exist when the Highlanders formed their line on that fatal April morning in 1746. The stately Culloden House is not the building in which Prince Charles slept on the night before the battle, nor is it now of great interest, for in 1897 the relics which it contained were dispersed and sold. A far deeper interest attaches to the graves of the clans, which stretch right and left of the road—low grassy mounds amid the heather, each marked by a modern stone bearing the name of the clan whose warriors rest below. Away to the northward is the Firth of Beauly with the sombre mass of the Black Isle rising beyond it. Athwart the moor flows the River Nairn, and to the southeast rises the dark hummock of Ben Bhuidhe

(1797 feet) with, beyond it, the savage mountains of Badenoch, the home of the long untameable clans, which descended from them to make a last stand for their king on Culloden Moor.

Inverness. The principal interest of Inverness is that it has always been the one town of any magnitude in the Highlands. To the rude mountaineer, says Macaulay, a little absurdly, it was as Babylon or Tyre. The town itself dates from the Middle Ages, the primitive stronghold of the Picts which it replaced was two miles away to the westward. It is known as Craig Phadrich, and on the top it has the remains of a vitrified fort which may have been the stronghold of the Pictish King Bruide, who was converted to Christianity by St. Columba.

CHAPTER X

ALONG THE CALEDONIAN CANAL TO THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS

In an exploration of Great Britain there is no emotion to be experienced which can surpass that of steaming through the wonderful fiord—it is, of course, actually a lake—forming the north-eastern half of the Caledonian Canal. Undoubtedly the impression made on the mind by the great wet trench which severs the northern third of Scotland from the other portions is vastly intensified by the fact that the start at Inverness gives one no suggestion of what is to come. To reach the steamer from the town it is necessary to pass through a suburban extension of the place until, across a belt of arable land, the red funnel of the boat shows itself against a background of dark foliage. There is no other evidence of water in the immediate neighbourhood than the patch of scarlet proclaiming a funnel. Ascending a steep slope, as though approaching a railway station built on an embankment, the canal and lock appear instead of rails, and there, with steam up ready for departure, is the important-looking little paddle-boat. A motor omnibus arrives with more passengers and several mail sacks for remote places in far-off glens, and then ropes are cast off and the voyage begins. For five or six miles the canal

winds pleasantly along the foot of a steep bank partially clothed with trees, and elsewhere having only bushes and broom clinging to it. Prominent on the left is the isolated and picturesque hill of Tom-na-hurich, tree-grown to its top, which has for long been used as a burial-place and is almost unique among cemeteries.

The hills almost imperceptibly close in, and the canal widens as the boat slides past the long weir marking the birthplace of the River Ness, fed by its mighty parent the loch. In a few minutes glassy waters over half a mile in width are entered, and right ahead appears what seems more than a lake, for it has the character of a fiord or of a most noble river flowing between mountain heights which ascend quickly to over 1500 feet.

Almost unnoticed the south-eastern shore has receded suddenly, so that the great stretch of water becomes over a mile in width, a fact hardly realised owing to the loftiness of the precipitous shores. For twenty-four miles one continues along this most glorious water-way, with a great perspective of mountains converging to pale blue peaks far off in either direction. Eventually one sees ahead the boldly-rounded outline of Mealfourvonie(2284 feet), and the day being very still, the velvety-brown steeps, full of purple-blue shadows, are reversed in the oily surface. The afternoon sunshine is being intercepted in the west by some long lines of beautifully-formed clouds, and here and there groups of rays fan out over the rugged silhouettes beyond Glen Moriston.

When the steamer has reached the pier of

Foyers, opposite Mealfourvonie, which, however, is too close to be seen, results of the harnessing of water-power above the Falls of Foyers are visible in a few houses perched on the steep slopes, and in the presence of the buildings of the aluminium works which uses the power generated on the spot.

LOCH NESS, MEALFOURVONIE IN THE DISTANCE

The presence of this enterprise in the midst of the great solitude of the loch might seem to endanger the beauty of the scenery. Owing, however, to the vastness and grandeur of the lines on which the whole of the landscapes are drawn, the effect is negligible; if anything, it accentuates the magnitude of the mountain slopes. It is a fortunate fact that only in the driest of weather is the amount

of water in the falls diminished. On the western side of the loch are the ruins of Urquhart Castle, which was standing as far back as the days of Edward I., "The Hammer of the Scots," whose forces obtained possession after a siege in 1303. The year was fatal for Scotland, for the English King, freed from his pre-occupations with the war in France, through the peace made with Philip IV., gave his undivided attention to the subjugation of the northern kingdom.

Edward's army carried all before it, reaching as far north as Elgin and Banff, and when in the following year Stirling fell, it seemed that Scotland was finally beaten, and that it would become a part of Great Britain. The kingdom was cut up into counties and sheriffdoms on the English model, to be administered by the Scots with John of Brittany, the King's nephew, as Edward's representative. The reorganisation included the appointment of judges and governors, and the sending of representatives to the English Parliaments. A year or two later "The Hammer" had struck his last blow, and his idle and worthless son, Edward II., soon let Robert Bruce recover the whole country. A little fortress such as that of Urquhart, lost as it were in the heart of the Highlands, can tell a story which forms a part of the great and tragic drama of the mediæval relations between England and Scotland.

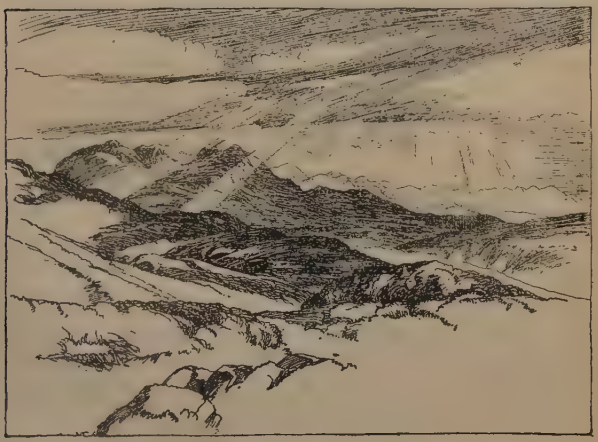
The sharp bows of the steamer continue to cut a pathway through the glassy and exceedingly deep waters of the loch, and fresh outlines appear on the horizon far ahead, where the noble form of

Ben Tue fills the end of the imposing perspective of mountains and water. This peak is the nearest point of the lofty mass which rises sheer above Loch Lochy, with a most noble extension to the west between Glen Garry and Loch Arkaig. There is a pier at the mouth of Glen Moriston, and motor vehicles come there to fetch the goods and mails brought thither by the steamboat. A road passes through the valley along the picturesque shores of Loch Clunie and traverses the glen where the lonely Clunie Inn forms a half-way house on the way to Strome Ferry at the mouth of Loch Carron.

Five miles further, the lake comes to an end at Fort Augustus where, above the trees surrounding it, one sees the towers of a twentieth-century monastery. Until the Jacobite rising of 1715 there was nothing to break the solitude of the strip of glen between Loch Oich and the great river-like Loch Ness. In that year a large star-shaped fort was built, and named after George II. Curious old plans of the work can be seen in the museum at Inverness. The site was disposed of by the Government in Victorian days, the peaceful disposition of the Highlanders being no longer in doubt, and a few years later (1876) it was given to the Benedictines of to-day for the erection of a monastery. Gradually, through the cutting of the canal and the consequent increase of visitors, a village has grown up at Fort Augustus, and having been reached by a railway from Spean Bridge, the place is accessible by road, rail and water. The beauty and grandeur of the scenery in all directions is remarkable. There are roads

running in three or four directions which penetrate Glen Moriston, Glen Garry, and Glen Spean. A glorious route can be followed along the eastern side of Loch Lochy where the scenery is more Norwegian than almost anywhere else in Scotland, unless it be found in the sombre sea inlet of Loch Hourn, reached through Glen Garry. The mediæval castle of Inverlochy with its sturdy round towers adds a great deal of interest to the scene, near the mouth of the River Lochy not far from the shadow of the mighty mass of Ben Nevis. At this point the road from Spean Bridge meets that from Mallaig. There is hardly a finer length of road in Scotland for combination of the loftiest mountains, sea lochs, beautiful glens and most exhilarating coast scenery, all included in a distance of some forty miles. Porpoises come into Loch Eil and lie on the tidal shores like curious black boulders. There are fine contrasts of heathery slopes, dark peat-covered moors, backed by birches and masses of fir and pine growing at the foot of swarthy precipices, scarred, gashed and worn by ages of ice, by different levels of the sea, and by all the processes of sub-aerial denudation which disintegrate the granite masses of western Scotland. The oft-times deep melancholy of the dark greens and purples of the summer dress of the mountains is one of the great attractions of the wildest parts of the Highlands for many of those who love them most. To watch wisps or long level lines of cloud clinging to the dripping precipices, as the morning sun begins to lift them, is a never-ceasing joy. There comes a slight break

in the cloudy roof, and through it a broad beam of soft light falls on a gaunt slope of rock, instantly revealing the subtlest green and ruddy ones, bright orange and even the most delicate of pink. The ray passes downwards, leaves the first zone to drop back into its tawny greens and slaty greys, and throws into striking relief a scarcely noticed



BEN TUE AND THE RANGE ABOVE GLEN GARRY

gorge or a projecting mass of silvery-grey and green rock. Often as the day advances the clouds will be torn to ribbons, and the patches of blue become so large that the sun shines fairly continuously, thus reversing the process. Instead of patches of light passing across the mountain tops, belts of shadow are seen to climb unscaleable precipices, sweep across almost inaccessible ravines, scale great heights and pass away only to be

followed by other equally irresistible hosts; so that the scenery is seldom the same for many minutes.

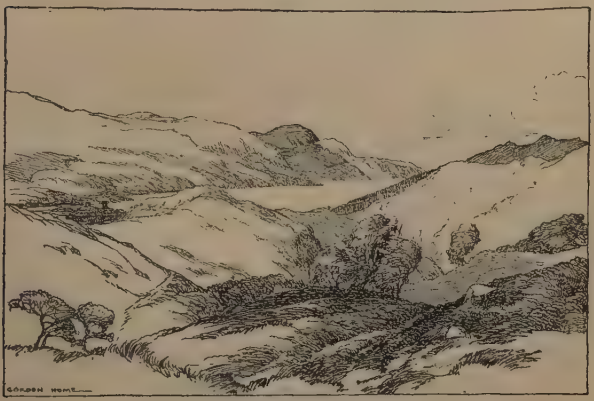
Along the rugged coast line of Arisaig the road looks southwards across the deep and narrow waters of Loch Ailort to the peaks of Moidart. Out to sea the westward views are unsurpassed in their magnificence. It is not every day that one finds them at their best, but seldom is the broad panorama of islands without qualities which cause one to draw in deep breaths of sheer delight. Nature appears to be determined to offer a pageant of great scenes and fantastic forms more suggestive of worlds in the making than anything to be found outside the rim of a volcanic crater. The astonishing island of Rum, with its four pyramidal peaks averaging 2500 feet in height, seems to be part of a recently submerged mountain range of which the adjoining Eigg and Muck Islands are a part. Surely, says the subconscious mind, it must have been some recent seismic disturbance on a vast scale which has produced these dreamland isles?

Opposite to Mallaig is the southern extremity of Skye, and beyond it rises the sharply-serrated line of the Coolin Hills, more jagged and savage in their outline than any mountain ridge in the British Isles.

The great advantage of Mallaig is its accessibility. It is not necessary to be a superlatively good walker to get there, for a railway follows the road, fortunately without doing damage to the landscapes; and there is also the great satisfaction in finding steamers to take one through these

enchanted waters to see other wonders achieved by the age-long energies of the Atlantic.

Fort Augustus is, of course, one of the haunts of fishermen, and for the lover of long rambles in Nature's great solitudes it is hard to find a better centre. There is an easily-followed track across the pass beneath the shoulders of Corryarrick Hill, which General Cope found to be in the hands



LOCH NESS FROM ABOVE FORT AUGUSTUS

of the Jacobites in 1745, causing him to move eastward to Inverness, and so leave the way open for Prince Charles Edward to dash through to Edinburgh. The track first climbs up a beautifully wooded glen, where one looks down through a tangle of silver birches to the waters of a stream which fills the ravine with its pleasant sounds. Then, through thinly-planted trees, the heather is reached, and at a point a little higher, a

magnificent view up the whole length of Loch Ness unfolds itself, with Mealfourvonie conspicuous to the left. Climbing still higher and facing towards the south-west, a most imposing perspective of peaks stretches away to the west from Ben Tue, whose feet are washed by the waters of Loch Lochy. Wilder and wilder becomes the scenery as the track rises and falls over the moor and climbs up to the lofty pass. There are recesses beneath great rocky scarps where wolves, bears, and indeed any wild animal ever found in these northern latitudes might still secure a safe retreat. Who is to say that some very shy family of wolves has not survived? Certainly the wild cat is still quite common, its spotted black and white fur being often seen by those who traverse the moors and passes. On descending, the track drops down into Glen Roy, famed for its raised beaches which scar the hillsides in long horizontal lines, familiarly known as the "Parallel Roads."

These successive margins of the coast reveal the vast movements of the land since Scotland has been in the making. The prodigious upheaval which has so altered the shape of northern Britain is still in progress in Norway; while on the Greenland coast the land is slowly sinking.

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BEN MORE FALLS, CRIANLARICH

CHAPTER XI

FROM FORT WILLIAM TO THE CLYDE

LIKE some mortals who do not make the most of their qualities, Ben Nevis too often fails to impress its greatness upon the minds of those who have looked forward to seeing the monarch of British mountains. From the seaward side, and it is that aspect by which Ben Nevis is known to the majority, one sees little besides a prodigious green ridge backed by another of scarred and scarped rock, often only partially visible through a heavy roof of cloud. When the mantle of vapour is torn and ragged and in the rents appear glimpses of granite precipices, there is no lack of majesty in the mass, but the want of a definite summit easily and instantly seen; and the absence of any characteristic contour has always produced a sense of disappointment in the minds of those who have not previously studied the monarch's portraits. The painters of a century ago chose their positions with great care in order to do justice to the importance in rank of their subject, and emphasised the dignified aloofness of the giant by the skilful contrasts and proportion of their foregrounds.

So much for first impressions from the commonplace point of view at the base near Fort William. Go to the north and all this is changed. On that side appears a most remarkable semicircle of precipitous cliff flung against the sky, not unlike that

of Lochnagar, but more imposingly placed in the midst of other heights. The climb to the summit is easy for anyone with good lungs, and the seven and a half miles are without any dangers or difficulties. About three quarters of the ascent are made upon the red granite of which the mountain is mainly built, while the last quarter is, like the beautiful

SUMMIT OF BEN NEVIS

Esterels, near Cannes, composed of porphyry. When the 4406 feet have been climbed, one looks out over a whole world of mountain summits. In every direction arise, gaunt and bare, endless crests, range beyond range to the far horizon. There are days when there is little to be seen beyond the nearer heights, and the effort spent in climbing is thrown away, but it is nearly always worth while to make the ascent in the hope that one of the great days may reveal the vast view,

which includes half Scotland from Ben Macdhui in the east (4296 feet), the next highest point to Ben Nevis, to the Outer Hebrides in the west, and from Ireland to Ben Wyvis in Ross-shire. If one is inclined to do so, one can spend the night on the summit in a little hotel, which is some 2700 feet higher than the famous "Cat and Fiddle" Inn on Axe Edge in Derbyshire. This makes it possible to see the sunrise under majestic circumstances—if the weather be considerate. In perfectly clear conditions, at the right time of the year, the rim of the fiery globe may be seen to rise out of the North Sea. Life in the observatory on Ben Nevis is at times almost as fierce an ordeal as that of wintering in a ship in the Antarctic. When it rains under certain conditions of frost, the result is peculiarly trying, ice accumulating in great quantities until everything is covered in a layer which has reached a foot in thickness. The force of the wind in the earlier months of the year is at times terrific. South-easterly gales are capable of lasting for three or four days, shrieking over the summit at from eighty to a hundred miles an hour, sweeping it clear of snow and leaving only bare surfaces of ice. Owing to the difficulties of keeping in touch with the ordinary levels of life, the two meteorologists, whose lonely life is spent in recording weather conditions on the mountain, are provisioned for several months at a time.

Fort William began as a temporary fort of turf, constructed by Monk's forces during the Great Civil War when it was necessary to garrison the spot against Lochiel, the chief of the Camerons.

Towards the end of the century, when William III. was bringing the Highlanders to heel, a strong fort on scientific lines took the place of the first, and it was this new work which successfully resisted attack in 1715, and again in Prince Charlie's affair in '45.

The scenery of Glen Nevis is as fine as anything to be found in Scotland, and its picturesquely placed groups of storm-battered firs holding on precariously to steep rocky ascents form a notable feature of the lower levels. Along the shores of Loch Eil goes a road past the narrows at Ardgour to the head of Loch Linnhe. Thence it turns up Loch Leven, and in order to see the historic Glencoe one has to take the ferry to the southern shore. The ordinary steamboat service from Fort William brings those who choose that method of travel to Ballachulish, where there are vehicles ready to take all who come into the recesses of the glen.

To-day a properly engineered road traverses the Pass of Glencoe, and skirting the peak of Rannoch Moor, takes one with such surprising ease to Crianlarich—the Clapham Junction of the Highlands—that it might be easy to suppose that this at one time isolated glen had lost its charm and feeling of remoteness. Such an idea can be put aside at once, for Glencoe retains to this hour a sense of almost overpowering desolation and grandeur. If traversed on a day of brilliant sunshine by a party of merry souls crowded in a large char-a-banc, it is quite open to question whether the splendour of the Three Sisters—triple peaks

rising in their strength and nobility from the rushing waters of the Coe—would make an impression on any individual in the vehicle. Yet even under such adverse and distracting conditions it is more than possible that Glencoe might weave a spell. If this be possible, it is not hard to imagine the effect on the mind of anyone who finds himself alone in this pass on a day when the clouds hang low, bridging the space between the lofty sides of the glen, and when the stepped precipices of the Sisters are spouting water in a thousand places, and the river roars angrily in its narrow and twisting bed of rock. In winter the scene is painted in swarthy and tawny colours; rich ambers and velvety browns contrast with the weathered surfaces of the granite and other forms of igneous rock; snow fills crevices and produces fantastic cornices in unlooked-for places; silence, save for the sound of many waters, reigns, and the scene is set as it was more than two and a quarter centuries ago, when one of the basest and most despicable acts was perpetrated in this lonely glen in the heart of the Highlands.

The story of the massacre is well known, and yet not so familiar that it should not be retold here. As I write I have before me a copy of "A letter from a gentleman in Scotland to his friend at London, who desired a particular account of the business of Glenco." It is dated April 20, 1692, about two months after the enactment of the tragic affair, and is a document of the deepest interest. The circumstances of Macdonald of Glencoe's entire innocence are so clearly stated in

this contemporary document, that I quote some part of it.

"*Mac-jan Mac-donald*, Laird of *Glenco*, a branch of the *Mackdonalds*, one of the greatest Clans (or Tribes) in the North of *Scotland*, came with the most considerable men of his clan to Coll. *Hill*, Governour of *Fort William* at *Inverlochy*, some few days before the Expiring of the time for receiving the Indemnity appointed by Proclamation, which, as I take it, was the First of *January* last, entreating he would administer unto him the *Oaths* which the foresaid Proclamation requir'd to be taken, that so submitting himself to the Government, he might have its Protection. The Colonel received him with all expression of Kindness," but informed Macdonald that he was not the proper authority to administer the oath and that he must apply to a sheriff, bailiff, or magistrate. Macdonald was thus faced with a journey to Inverary some sixty miles away, with inadequate time in which to cover the distance in exceedingly bad weather and on very rough roads. He therefore "got from Coll. *Hill*, under his Hand, his Protection; and withal he was assur'd, that no orders from the Government against him should be put in Execution, until he were first advertis'd, and had time allow'd him to apply himself to King or Council for his Safety." This precaution taken, "with all dispatch imaginable he posted to *Inverary*, the Chief Town of *Argyleshire*, there he found Sir *Collin Campbell* of *Arakinlis*, Sheriff of that Shire, and crav'd of him the Benefit of the Indemnity, according to the Proclamation, he being willing to perform all the Conditions requir'd." Sir Collin, however, informed the sorely harassed chieftain that he was a day too late and that under the circumstances he doubted

whether it would be in order for him to administer the oaths to him. When pressed by Macdonald, and reminded that he had applied in good time before the last day of the year to Colonel Hill, and only through stress of weather had been prevented from reaching Inverary in time, Sir Collin relented, and the oath was duly administered to the chief and his attendants. They then returned to their lonely village in Glencoe easy in mind. No anxiety was therefore felt when, a few weeks later, a party of soldiers with their officers came into the glen. On being asked if they came as friends, the officers replied in the affirmative, and gave their word of honour that they would do no harm to Macdonald or his concerns. For about a fortnight the soldiers were billeted in the cottages and lived in the greatest friendliness with the little community, their officer in command of the party, Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, playing cards with the chieftain on the very evening preceding the massacre. Some time on that day, whether before or after bidding good-night to Macdonald does not appear, Campbell received the following order from Major Duncanson:

"BALLACHOLIS, Feb. 12, 1692.

"SIR,

"You are hereby ordered to fall upon the Rebels, the *Mac-Donalds of Glenco*, and put all to the Sword under 70. You are to have especial Care, that the Old Fox and his Sons do upon no account escape your Hands; you are to secure all the Avenues, that no Man escape: This you are to put in Execution at five a Clock in the Morning precisely, and by that time or very shortly after it, I'll strive to be at you with a stronger Party; If I do not come to you at five, you are not to tarry for me, but to fall on. *This is by the King's* SPECIAL COMMAND, for the Good

and Safety of the Country, that these Miscreants may be cut off, Root and Branch. See that this be put in Execution without Feud or Favour, else you may expect to be Treated as not true to the King or Government, nor a Man fit to carry Commission in the King's Service. Expecting you will not fail in the fulfilling hereof, as you love yourself. I subscribe these with my Hand,

"ROBERT DUNCANSON,

"For Their Majesties Service, to Capt. *Robert Campbell* of *Glenlyon*."

Duncanson, who sent this amazing order, had in turn received his instructions from Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, who had been given the order by Colonel Hill. Further back still came Sir Thomas Livingstone, and somewhere near the fountain head of the whole was Sir John Dalrymple, the Master of Stair. The source and inspiration of the savage order is hidden in the devious passages and shadowy by-ways of William III.'s Court and Government.

Glenlyon carried out his orders bloodily, but so clumsily that the greater portion of the little clan escaped with MacIan's two sons, one of whom had always been suspicious. The ruins of the low stone cottages can still be seen near the mouth of the glen, a pathetic monument to one of the darkest stains on the records of the British Army.

At the eastern end of Glencoe is Buchaille Etive, a magnificent peak, especially when wreathed with light clouds. On its southern side is Glen Etive, lying deep between great mountain buttresses, which fall back a little when the loch

is reached, just enough to allow a margin of woodland and grass which widens out after the village of Taynuilt has been reached. A miniature Forth Bridge carries the railway to Ballachulish across the mouth of Loch Etive, just above the remarkable Falls of Lora. At certain states of the tide one looks in vain for anything suggestive of a fall. This is due to the fact that only at a certain period in the drop of the level of the sea outside does the great sill of rock across the mouth come into play. As soon as the water has reached a certain level, a growing disturbance appears in the water until a tumult of great waves makes the passage of the ferry-boat impossible. In an hour or so the waves subside, but it is well not to try to row across until the surface is smooth, for when, from the shore, the turmoil in the water seems sufficiently subsided there may still be force enough in the waves to swamp a boat unless it be controlled with the greatest skill. My own recollections of assisting the ferryman on one occasion, when his crazy old boat was fairly heavily loaded, are vivid, although some twenty years have passed.

Connel Ferry, the village at this point, is one of those fascinating spots which are not uncommon in the Western Highlands. It has the joys of sea and loch and great expanses of heather backed on two sides by imposing mountains with Ben Cruachan towering above all. A few miles to the south by a coast road commanding glorious views of the peaks of Mull across the Firth of Lorn, one drops down steeply into

Oban. The sparkling waters of the bay protected

by the Island of Kerrera are a boon to yachtsmen, and in the summer season the sheltered waters are busy with all sorts of pleasure-boats from the large steam yacht to the adventurous little craft which find their way up the coast from the Clyde and even further off. The town built round the curve of the bay would languish and die save for the annual influx of visitors. It has no *raison d'être* apart from finding accommodation for them, and like a camel on a long march, it has learnt how to subsist in the winter on its hump. One cannot be surprised at the popularity gained by such a wonderfully situated place, for it possesses everything a holiday-maker can wish for, from sailing and fishing to mountaineering and expeditions by steamer to such attractive places as Iona and Staffa. The well-preserved remains of the monastery of Hi or Iona, and its associations with St. Columba and St. Aidan, are of such deep interest that it is hard work to tear oneself away when the steamer shows anxiety to proceed on its circumnavigation of Mull and to take one to the remarkable cave in the columnar basalt of Staffa. The journey back to Oban through the romantic Sound of Mull, with the precipitous shores of Morven to the north, is an unforgettable experience.

Besides the modern ruin above the town, which puzzles so many who come to Oban without a guide-book to enlighten them as to its recent and uninspiring origin, there is the genuine Dunolly Castle—a picturesque survival of the Middle Ages, and nearer to Loch Etive is the sturdy castle

of Dunstaffnage, a property of the Campbells. It has one curious feature in the Dutch culverin of the seventeenth century. The inscription on it runs:

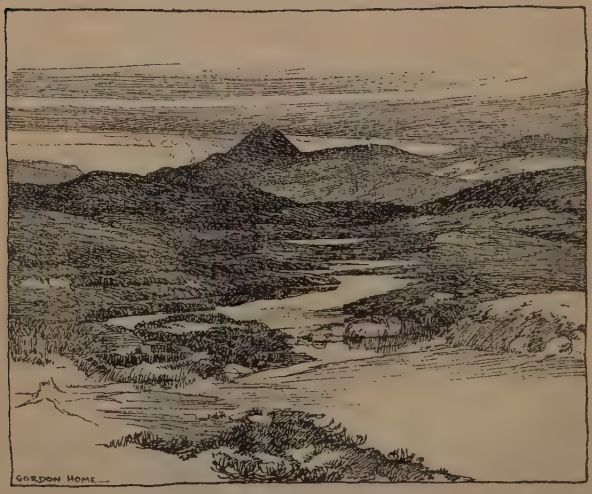
ASSVERVS · KOSTER · ME · FECIT · AMSTELREDAMI

If, instead of turning westward by Buchaille Etive, one follows the road southwards, a really magnificent expanse of moor and mountain is passed through. The moor is that of Rannoch, whose quaking peat gave such enormous trouble to those who had the temerity to carry a railway across it. The only foundation which proved of any value was one composed of bundles of brushwood; they hold together in a remarkable manner and are preserved by the peat from decay, and although the weight of a locomotive causes the track to sink in a manner quite alarming to the inexperienced who watch a passing train at close quarters, the movement is quite unnoticeable to those who are travelling.

Rannoch. The broad expanse of purple and brown is broken by patches of water and by sable streams finding their way through the black peat and heather liberally sown with grey boulders. In the distance rise some of the mountain masses of the Grampians, and beyond the eastern extremity of Loch Rannoch, the remarkable peak of Schiehallion. Its isolation and its acute pyramidal form almost allow one to call it the Matterhorn of Scotland, although its height is only a little over 3500 feet. Here one is in the very heart of Caledonia, with such well-known centres as

Blair-Atholl, Pitlochry and Aberfeldy in their picturesque glens a little to the east.

There are glimpses of Lochs Ba and Tulla from the way southwards, and then road and railway leave the open expanse and enter a ravine at the foot of the tremendous wall-sided Ben Doran—



SCHIEHALLION FROM RANNOCH MOOR

the storm mountain—on the further side of which goes the rough track down into Glen Lyon. Just beyond the summit of the pass is Tyndrum, in a wonderful position between the two giants, Ben Lui and Ben Doran, and about four miles down the valley, the crossing of the railways at

Crianlarich appears in sight. Here it seems as though no corner of Scotland is not within easy

A. H. Robinson

LOCH LOMOND

reach, and it is as simple a matter to reach Edinburgh as the remotest part of the country. Only about seven miles to the south are Loch Lomond and the Trossachs.

Arrochar. From this beautiful spot on Loch Lomond with the Ben rising steeply from the water's edge, and a lovely glimpse of the island-strewn southern end of the lake, it does not require a song to emphasise the charm of the scene. Compared with the stern grandeur further north, the sweetness of the wooded banks of the loch make their charm felt very quickly, and the Scotsman instantly finds himself using the adjective so well applied in the old song, which does not seem to lose its freshness. By the shores of the tidal inlets of Loch Long and Gare Loch, the descent is made into the broad waters of the Clyde, and one looks across the blue expanse to Dunoon and Rothesay and decides that Glasgow is the most happily-situated of cities in regard to its holiday-grounds, for where else in these islands can one find such superlatively beautiful scenery on the very threshold of a great metropolis?

CHAPTER XII

THE SCOTT COUNTRY AND THE TWEED

THE northern boundary of the Scott country is formed by the wild Lammermuirs and the Moorfoot Hills; indeed the visitor is hardly across them before he finds himself in a land redolent of memory of the Douglases and the Homes, not to speak of Graham of Claverhouse, another hero of the great romanticist. Fountainhall was the home of one of Claverhouse's fiercest and most merciless associates in the work of suppressing the Covenanters. From it a light railway leads to *Lauder* where Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, immortalised beyond his deserts in *Marmion*, earned his curious soubriquet of "Bell-the-Cat" by seizing and hanging Cochrane, Earl of Mar, and other favourites of James III. When Scott wrote of the House of Douglas his judgment appeared to forsake him. As far as history records, Angus was, in reality, a most unpleasant character. Andrew Lang despatched him curtly as an "aged traitor." It was at Lauder that he won his strange nickname, and over its bridge his victims were hanged.

At Thirlestane Castle, at one time known as Lauder Fort, Prince Charles Edward passed the night after his success at Prestonpans. Torwoodlee is the seat of the Pringle family, which has been

settled there for at least 500 years. It is here that one encounters the famous and mysterious Catrail or war-ditch, a dyke which runs nearly north and south from Midlothian, through Selkirkshire, to the English Border. It can never have been a line of defence; the most probable suggestion is that it was a frontier of the same nature as Offa's Dyke, and was very possibly dug by one of the great Northumbrian kings to mark the boundary against the Britons of Strathclyde. Yet it may have had some other significance, for there are earthwork forts here and there along it. One of these is close to Torwoodlee.

Galashiels is a flourishing place, producing much woollen cloth, and is almost entirely modern. At Darnick there is a well-preserved Border pele, and on Skirmish Hill was fought in 1526 a famous fray between Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch on the one side and the Douglases and Homes on the other, for the possession of the young King James V., who had begged Scott to attempt his deliverance from his hated guardians. But Scott was unsuccessful, and the fact that Ker of Cessford was slain by one of his followers produced a blood feud between the Scotts and the Kers.

Melrose. The pleasant-sounding name of Melrose was in the early days of the monastery called Mailros. It is now a quiet village, romantically situated upon the Tweed. To the south rise up the remarkable triple-peaked Eildon Hills, beneath whose shadow is the great Roman fort of Trimontium (Three Peaks). The site has been thoroughly excavated and the finds form an important section

of the Roman objects in the Museum of Antiquities in Edinburgh. The station was probably laid out by Agricola about A.D. 80 and held until 211, when the sons of Severus I. decided to abandon all the half-conquered country to the north of the Wall of Hadrian. It is, however, probable that there was another occupation under Constantius Chlorus and Constantine, or perhaps under the famous usurper Carausius, whose coins have been found there.

The glory of Melrose is its famous abbey, now in ruins, but still presenting a clear impression of what the abbey church must once have been. There was perhaps a Christian place of worship here as early as the seventh century, or even earlier, for one of the abbots was St. Cuthbert of Northumbria, who died in 687. It was re-founded in 1136 by David I., who brought thither a draft of Cistercian monks from Rievaulx in Yorkshire. But the history of Melrose was a troubled one. In 1322 it was sacked by Edward II. of England in one of his futile invasions, and was rebuilt by Robert Bruce at the huge cost of £2000 (perhaps equivalent to £40,000 sterling). It was again sacked by Richard II. in 1385, and once more restored, its architect being a Frenchman from Paris named Jean Moreau, who held the post of Master Mason or Royal Architect of Scotland. It met its fate a hundred and sixty years later, being burned by Henry VIII.'s English troops and foreign mercenaries under Sir Ralph Eure and Sir Brian Layton. There is some satisfaction to be gathered from the fate which awaited them, for they were

immediately afterwards defeated and killed on Ancrum Moor. The general style of the church is Decorated, and the great east window is Perpendicular, while the tracery of the side windows of the nave is Flamboyant. Scott urged (*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*) that one should always visit the lovely ruin by moonlight:

> If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight,
> For the gay beams of lightsome day
> Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.

Near the east end is buried the heart of Robert Bruce, brought back after the heroic attempt of the "Good Lord James" Douglas to carry it to Jerusalem, according to the will of the dying King. Many of the Douglases lie here, including James, the hero of Otterburn.[1] Another famous personage buried in the church was Sir Michael Scott, "The Wizard" (twelfth to thirteenth centuries). Sir Walter, with a poet's licence, chose to place him two centuries later, in order to make his body the central figure of that magnificent piece of word-painting in Canto II. of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

Abbotsford Ferry. The home of Sir Walter Scott, at which he died on September 21, 1832, looks across the Tweed to Melrose, and is about three miles to the west of Melrose. The poet had a great ambition to become a laird or landowner, and in 1811 took the first step by purchasing one hundred acres of land beside the Tweed. The small house which he then built grew and grew,

[1] See page 28.

until it became an imposing mansion—the Abbotsford one knows to-day. The style is naturally not of the purest; it is of the pseudo-baronial Gothic popular at the time, but the interest attaching to the house is not diminished on this account. One visits it with the feeling of reverence one cannot fail to have for the memory of a truly good and great man, as well as a literary genius, whose home it was for twenty years. The rooms are crowded with memorials of the mighty romanticist, and they still contain the antiquarian collection made by him.

St. Boswells. From St. Boswells across the Tweed are to be seen the grey ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, presented to the nation in 1918 by Lord Glenconner. Not only the church but also a great part of the monastic buildings may still be seen surrounding the cloisters. The style generally is a chaste and graceful Decorated Gothic, less ornate than that of Melrose. It was founded about 1150 by Hugh de Morville, Lord of Lauderdale, but the present buildings date from the fourteenth century. Sir Walter Scott's tomb is in St. Mary's Chapel—the north transept.

Melrose and Dryburgh are in the heart of Scott's country. To the south and south-west are Teviotdale and Ettrickdale, the lairs of the fierce Scotts. On the north is the country of the "High Homes," who for generations after the fall of the Black Douglases dominated the Eastern Marche Home Castle, the ancient stronghold of the famil is a remarkable feature in the landscape to t northward. Unfortunately, much of what is nc

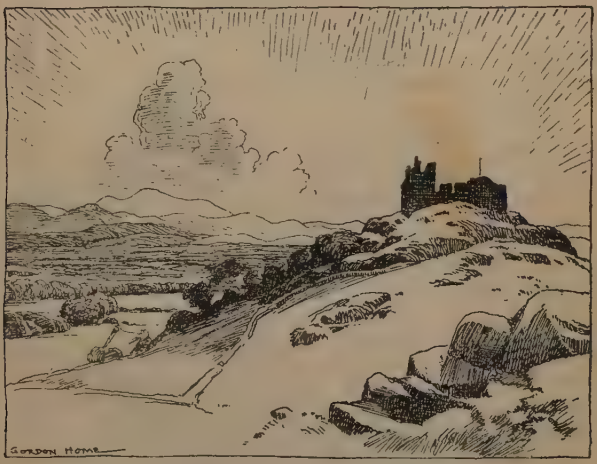
J. Valentine

ABBOTSFORD, THE HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

In the background are the Eildon Hills, and just beneath the trees in the foreground runs the Tweed

to be seen is a modern reconstruction, though it includes fragments of the ancient castle, which was one of the keys of the Border. Mary, Queen of Scots, in a letter describes it as a place of immense strength and always a thorn in the side of the enemy.

Half-way to Home is the far smaller but very



HOME CASTLE FROM THE NORTH

The Cheviot Hills in the distance

conspicuous little Border fortalice of Smailholme, one of the most perfect in the whole region. There is a wild ballad in Percy's collection anent the crimes and punishments of a lord and "ladye" of Smailholme.

Kelso is a quiet little town on the banks of the Tweed, with a bridge built by Rennie. Over the roofs rise the ruins of the great abbey, one of the

finest on the Border. Its characteristics are those of a fortress—towering, massive and solemn, for it is much earlier in date than Melrose or Dryburgh, being nearly all Norman in its style of architecture. The transepts and part of the nave still survive, and the splendid tower, one of the finest specimens of Trans-Norman work in Great Britain, has been preserved in spite of those inveterate destroyers of Scottish religious monuments, the Englishman, Hertford (Somerset), and the Scot, John Knox.

Roxburgh. Three miles south of Kelso on the banks of the Teviot are the ruins of Roxburgh Castle. The remains consist principally of green-clad mounds and fragments of wall. It was one of the strongest of the Border fortresses, and was constantly changing hands. When it was finally recovered for Scotland in 1460 by James II., the King was himself killed during the siege by the bursting of a great bombard. It was then demolished by the Scots themselves, owing to the difficulty of holding such an isolated frontier post.

Jedburgh is an ancient Border town, formerly a centre of justice for Jed Forest and the wild area of lawlessness and violence around. The inhabitants of the district are graphically and humorously described by Scott in words which he puts into the mouth of the Black Douglas:

> "Have we not some Jedwood men in our troop . . . they are all good men and true, *saving a little shifting for their living.*"

The good men and true, readers of *The Fair*

KELSO ABBEY

From the engraving by Le Petit of a picture by D. Roberts

Maid of Perth will remember, held an enquiry into the murder of the Duke of Rothesay in the great Hall of Falkland, under the presidency of Douglas, while the assassins were being hanged from the battlements—Hang first and try after!

Jedburgh is not far from the entrance to Teviotdale, the home of the famous Scotts. The name of this great Border family indicates that it was originally of North Irish descent, springing, no doubt, from one of those migrations of the early Middle Ages of which all trace has been lost. The founder of the greatness of the house is said to have been a certain Uchtred Fitz-Scot, who was one of the witnesses to David I.'s Charter to Holyrood Abbey in 1128. After the ruin of the Black Douglases in the fifteenth century, the Scotts dominated the Middle Marches, and the name of "The Buccleuch" was widely celebrated.

The true entrance of Teviotdale is across the Ale Water at Ancrum, the scene of a famous defeat of the English in 1545. The "English," who were largely foreign mercenaries and renegade Scots, had committed savage devastations, and when they burnt Melrose Abbey and wrecked the tombs of the Douglases, the Anglophile and treacherous Earl of Angus was roused to avenge a personal insult, if not the woes of his country. The Scottish contingent in the English army turned against them, and the result was a complete defeat.

From the left bank of the Teviot, the view to the south-east is dominated by the steeps of Rubers Law (1392 feet), which commands the country for many miles.

Hawick. Above Hawick the country becomes more silvan: on both sides the valley is thickly and beautifully wooded. Goldielands Tower, on the steeps overhanging the Teviot, was a beacon station in the days when raids and counter-raids were ever recurring.

About three miles above Hawick is Branxholm Castle, and was the principal seat of the Scotts for two centuries. The present building dates in part from the sixteenth century but the foundations are considerably older. The stirring story of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* centres about the fortress. It may be noted that the young Buccleuch of the poem was the famous Sir Walter, the friend and constant supporter of Mary, Queen of Scots.

A mile beyond Branxholm is Allan Water. Several streams combine to form this river, and it was on one of them, the Priesthaugh Burn, that Wat Tinlinn turned on his English pursuers,

> And shot their horses in the bog,
> Slew Fergus with my lance outright:
> I had him long at high despite—
> He drove my cows last Astern's night.

Buccleuch, the original home of the Scotts, lies many miles to the west of Branxholm on the borders of Ettrickdale. It is reached by road from Hawick and Branxholm. To the right of this route is Harden, the abode of a famous branch of the Scotts; the country is well-wooded and picturesque, and right ahead stretch the Highlands of the south. Passing Kingsmuir Loch and the village of Buccleuch, the road skirts the

Rankle Burn into Ettrickdale at Tushielaw. The whole of this country was originally known as Ettrick Forest, the wooded areas of which still consist of oak, larch, alder, and thorn, the indigenous trees of Scotland; while out of the shadowy woodlands rise rounded green hills. The dales are pretty rather than strikingly beautiful; but it is impossible as the visitor wanders along them not to become penetrated with the spirit of that wild Borderland, of which the "Wizard of the North" sang in a hundred lays and stirring ballads.

Ettrickdale was full from end to end of castles and peles. At Tushielaw are the almost shapeless ruins of such a stronghold, one of whose owners, Adam Scott, bore the title of "King of Thieves." Several miles further up the valley is Thirlestane House, the former abode of a somewhat more reputable person, Sir John Scott of Thirlestane, who doubtless "shifted a little for his living," but did, at any rate, alone among his clan, join the muster at Flodden Field.

From Thirlestane a road leads by Ettrick village over the hills to the head of Yarrowdale and St. Mary's Loch. It was in Ettrick village that James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd (1770–1835), was born and there, too, he was buried. The birthplace is marked by a tablet. His life was, however, chiefly spent in Yarrow.

"The Bonnie Braes of Yarrow" are somewhat more celebrated in poetry than for actual beauty, though they are smilingly pretty. The road from Ettrick descends upon St. Mary's Loch, which

cannot better be described than in Scott's immortal lines:

> By lone St. Mary's silent lake;
> Thou knowest it well—nor fen nor sedge
> Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
> Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
> At once upon the level brink;
> And just a trace of silver sand
> Marks where the water meets the land.

At its southern end it is separated by a ridge from the smaller Loch of the Lowes. On the ridge stands Tibbie Shiels's hostelry. This ancient dame was born in 1782, and did not die until 1878. Being left a widow with six children, Robert Chambers suggested to her that she should convert her cottage into an inn, which she did with such success that it became a rendezvous for many of Scotland's greatest men. On the hillside above the Loch is the ruined church of St. Mary of the Lowes.

At the north-east end of the Loch is Dryhope Tower, once the home of Mary Scott, "The Flower of Yarrow," celebrated by Allan Ramsay.

Nearing Selkirk, one sees the beautiful woods of Newark, and the ruins of the castle, sung by Scott, on a commanding knoll above the river. The site is a splendid one for defence, and the whole landscape is magnificent and far more impressive than the upper valley. It was James III. who built the castle about 1466. Close by, at a place still called "Slain Men's Lea," the prisoners taken in Montrose's defeat at Philiphaugh were massacred by David Leslie.

JEDBURGH ABBEY

From the engraving by W. Floyd of a picture by D. Roberts

"Foulshiels," a cottage by the roadside beneath Newark, was the birthplace in 1771 of Mungo Park, the first European traveller to face the perils of the upper Niger.

Selkirk. Just before entering the town from the west, the visitor passes Philiphaugh, a modern mansion occupying the site of an earlier house. Here, in 1645, Montrose with a small and untrustworthy force was overwhelmed by a far larger body of cavalry under General David Leslie. The Royalists were annihilated and the prisoners, including a number of soldiers' wives, were murdered, either on the spot or months later by order of the fanatical Kirk Assembly.

Clovenfords. The inn at Clovenfords was used by Scott before he settled at Ashestiel; and Wordsworth and his sister also stayed there in 1803. Ashestiel was once a Border pele, but was altered and enlarged by Scott when he settled there in 1804. There he lived for eight years, perhaps the happiest of his life, and there he wrote *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805), *Marmion* (1806-1808), and *The Lady of the Lake* (1810).

Innerleithen. Among beautiful wooded hills is the original of *St. Ronan's Well.* About a mile and a half to the south is Traquair House, one of the most ancient buildings in Scotland. The north-east tower is nearly 1000 years old. It was once a palace of the Scottish kings, and it was there that William the Lion granted its charter to the city of Glasgow. It is probable that it was the original of Scott's Tullyveolan in *Waverley.*

Peebles is beautifully situated beside the Tweed,

and is a pleasant health and pleasure resort. A mile from Peebles is Neidpath Castle, most picturesquely placed on a rock overlooking the glen of the Tweed. It is a splendid specimen of a Border stronghold, and its foundations go back to the twelfth century or even earlier. David I. dated charters from it.

At such a romantic spot in the Borderland of the Lowlands, the journeyings to and from the heart of Scotland, described in this little book, may well be brought to an end. With a hand resting on the still solid masonry of this sturdy fortress, one feels the reality of the long centuries of internecine war, and rejoices that the bright day dawned when the frontier between the countries was swept away.

THE END

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PRINTED BY THE TEMPLE PRESS AT LETCHWORTH IN GREAT BRITAIN